April 1978
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HEAVY METAL
IND 36587
The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

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"It was a time of darkness, my friends, the Fifth Millennium. Our heroes... the roguish sort, but decent as they come in such indecent times—the Astral Pirates, swift and cunning and not above a bit of well-meaning larceny. Their leader is Althal, a simple-hearted rogue who hardly suspects that he and his pirates shall be the ones to bring *music* back to the galaxy."
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CHAIN MAIL

Dear *Heavy Metal*ites:

So sorry to hear your *bad news* in January issue. Being an American artist, I have the dream of appearing in your magazine. I believe it (the magazine) to be the ultimate in the fantasy art field. I've been waiting for such a magazine since 1965.

It *(Heavy Metal)* is the most fulfilling, superior, and mind-bending piece of work on the galactic magazine market today! It is better than dope, as far as I'm concerned. Dope makes me sleepy; *Heavy Metal* keeps me alert and aware, picks up my day. And I can't get busted for carrying it in a moving vehicle. I am a subscriber now and am constantly under the influence of *Heavy Metal*.

"Conquering Armies" is the ultimate hallucination. The covers are startling—Moebius is a genius of the first order! Everything in *Heavy Metal* is pure brain candy. Ah, but I do go on.

My main point is that I am an American artist, currently working for Fantastic Comics, a local outfit here in Pasadena. I realize that you people are probably up to your metal ears in great, good, semi-good, poor, and rotten work. So I will be kind and wait to send stuff until you say the word. However, where in Frankfurt should us Amerikanski artists send our shtuff? I for one am not averse to being a European star!

David Thomas Pudelwitts
(Artist-at-Large)
Pasadena, Calif.

Dear David: If you find out, let us know.—Eds.

Heavy Metal has gotten out of (yr) hand. I refer to the Zha-Nicollet pcs. No bullshit here, you real eyes. More to come?

Desdinova
Wichita, Kansas

Dear *HM:*

As a since-long Psilocybe and Stropharia cultivator, and a reader of *Metal Hurlant* from its very first issue, the contention that *Heavy Metal* would do better, or almost, than being stoned seems to be not to the point yet to me. *Heavy Metal* readers should instead be challenged in this way: try to read any other thing when you're on a "true mind-blowing acid." You know, that's the current name for pure mushroom tryptamine extracts, so

continued on page 45

Not every man can handle Metaxa.

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Networks, neighbors, & magazines always congratulate themselves on their anniversaries, as if you cared. This is *Heavy Metal*'s first. Wild applause, footstamping, whistles, bells, etc.

12 issues on, we hope we have found a place where the hearts, minds of all of you would be if. Considering that our first mission, as we assigned ourselves, was to publish over here the best French s/f & fantasy, we have done alright by the Yanks. Covers by superstars Wrightson, Barber, Chaykin, & Nino...comics by Corben, Morrow, Davis, Rubington, & the ex Bodè ...fiction by the likes of Zelazny, Ellison, Spielberg, Lupoff, Sturgeon....

We've introduced you to Druillet, Gal, Claveloux, Tardi, & Nicollet, et al, but everybody's fave appears to be the mysterious Moebius. Moebius, author-artist of the inscrutable "Airtight Garage" series. Creator of Harzak. Who once signed things GIR & drew Lieutenant Blueberry forever. Whose storyboards for the *Dune* film are treasured, forged, rumored....

Our anniversary present to you, dear readers, this pic: Moebius does, indeed, exist. As for the rest of us...

Photo by Daudier, Paris

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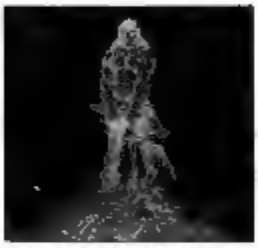

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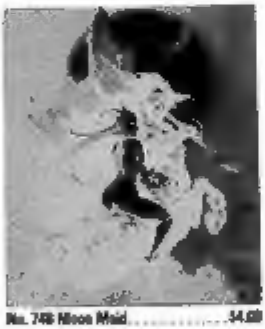

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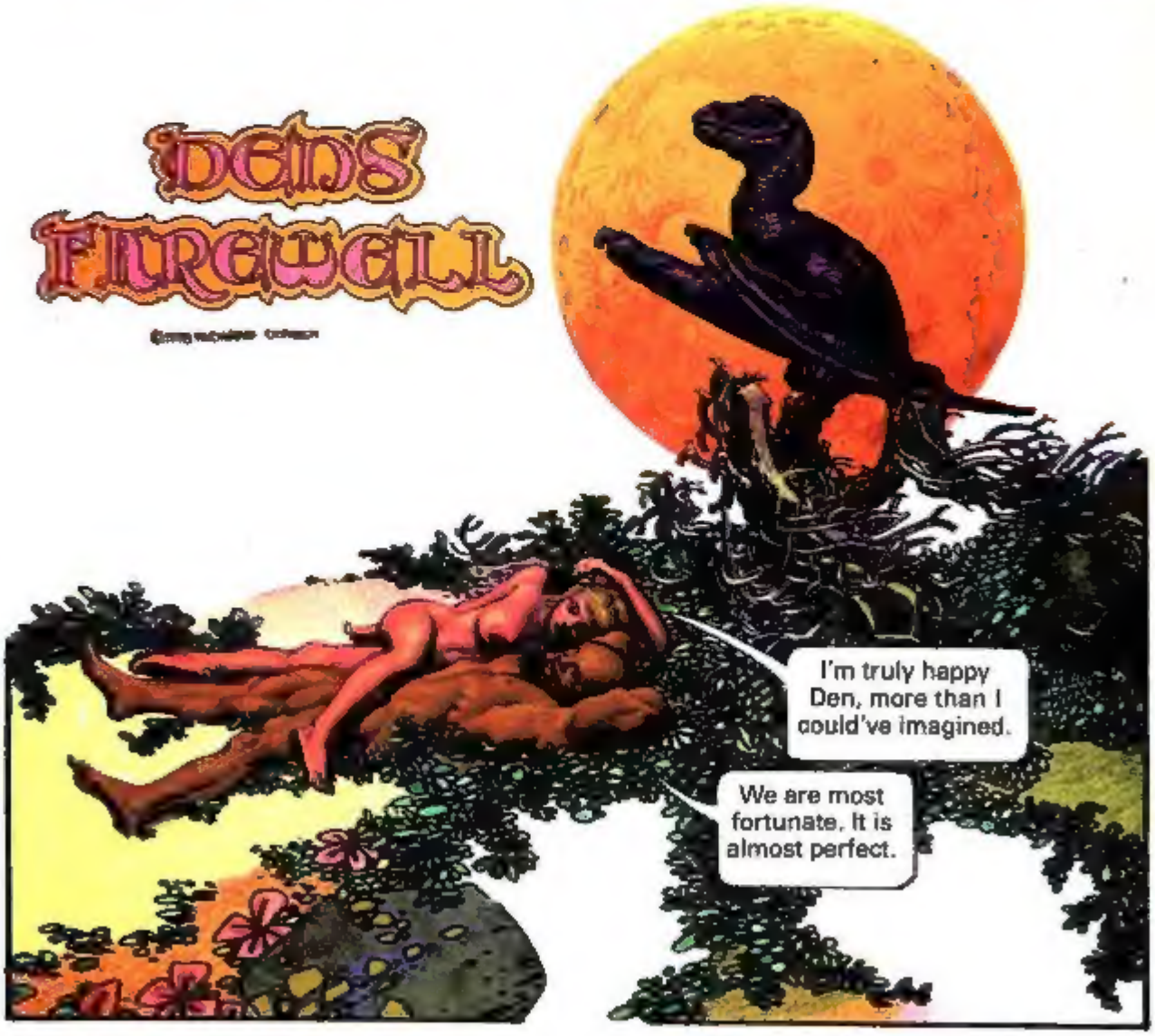
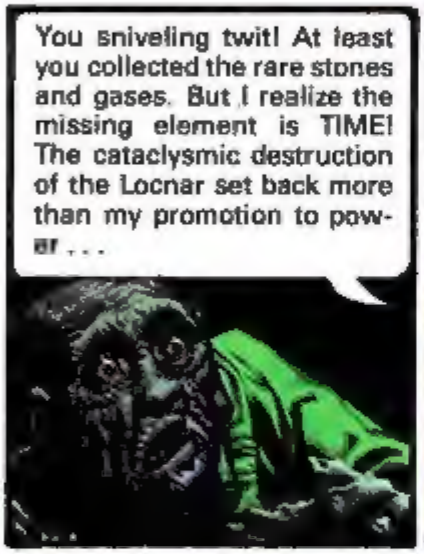

DEN'S FAREWELL
I'm truly happy Den, more than I could've imagined.
We are most fortunate. It is almost perfect.

Almost perfect?! How could it possibly be better? Is there some position we haven't tried?
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Not that. You're wonderful.
It's just that . . . I know how we came to NeverWhere, but . . . my uncle's fate is still a mystery.
Will we ever discover the truth?
Uncle Dan's spirit is not at rest. I think he was murdered.
Look!
An encampment . . . What? I believe that is the very spot where I arrived in this world. Let's get closer.
Oh, please understand, your majesty. Though I have studied the problem from every approach, and I have gathered the required magical elements, the signs point to failure.
FOOL!! You said you are a great wizard. You're nothing!

Did you think I was too simple to separate the half-truths from your transparent fabrications? I am more versed in the dark arts than you.


You sniveling twit! At least you collected the rare stones and gases. But I realize the missing element is TIME! The cataclysmic destruction of the Locnar set back more than my promotion to power . . .

. . . It reset the geologic-cosmic relationship. Thanks to interfering upstarts, I must wait four seasonal cycles for the forces to come into precise alignment. Then I will create Locnar's brother.

ZEK, you FOOL!!! I know you were going to sabotage my plans!
Feed him to the Gulper.

NOOOO! No, please!

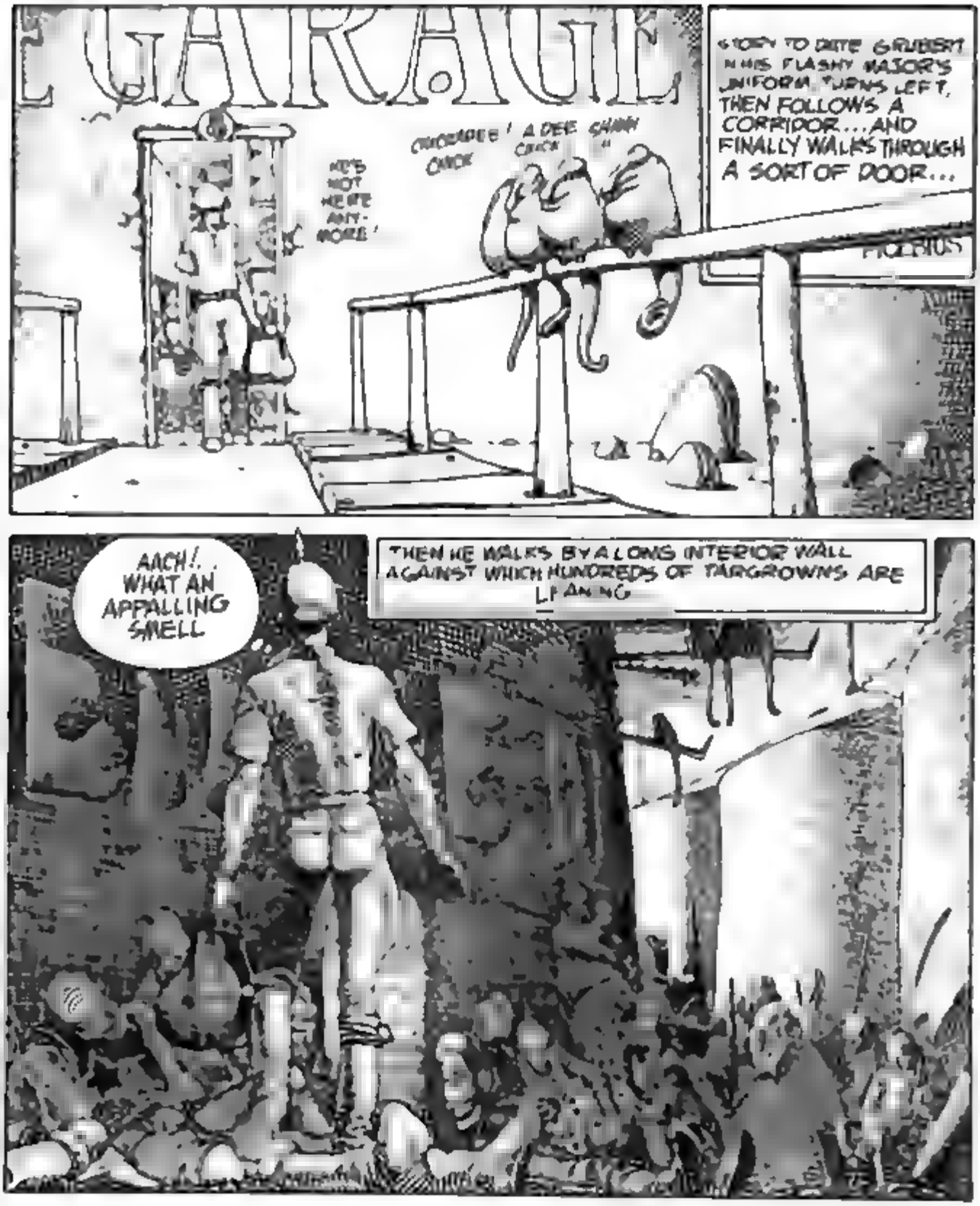
YAAAAAAA!
AAAIEEE
Hey come back here! Gulper's hungry!
Here fellow, go with Kath!
BUDK!
Quick! Surround him!
SNAK!

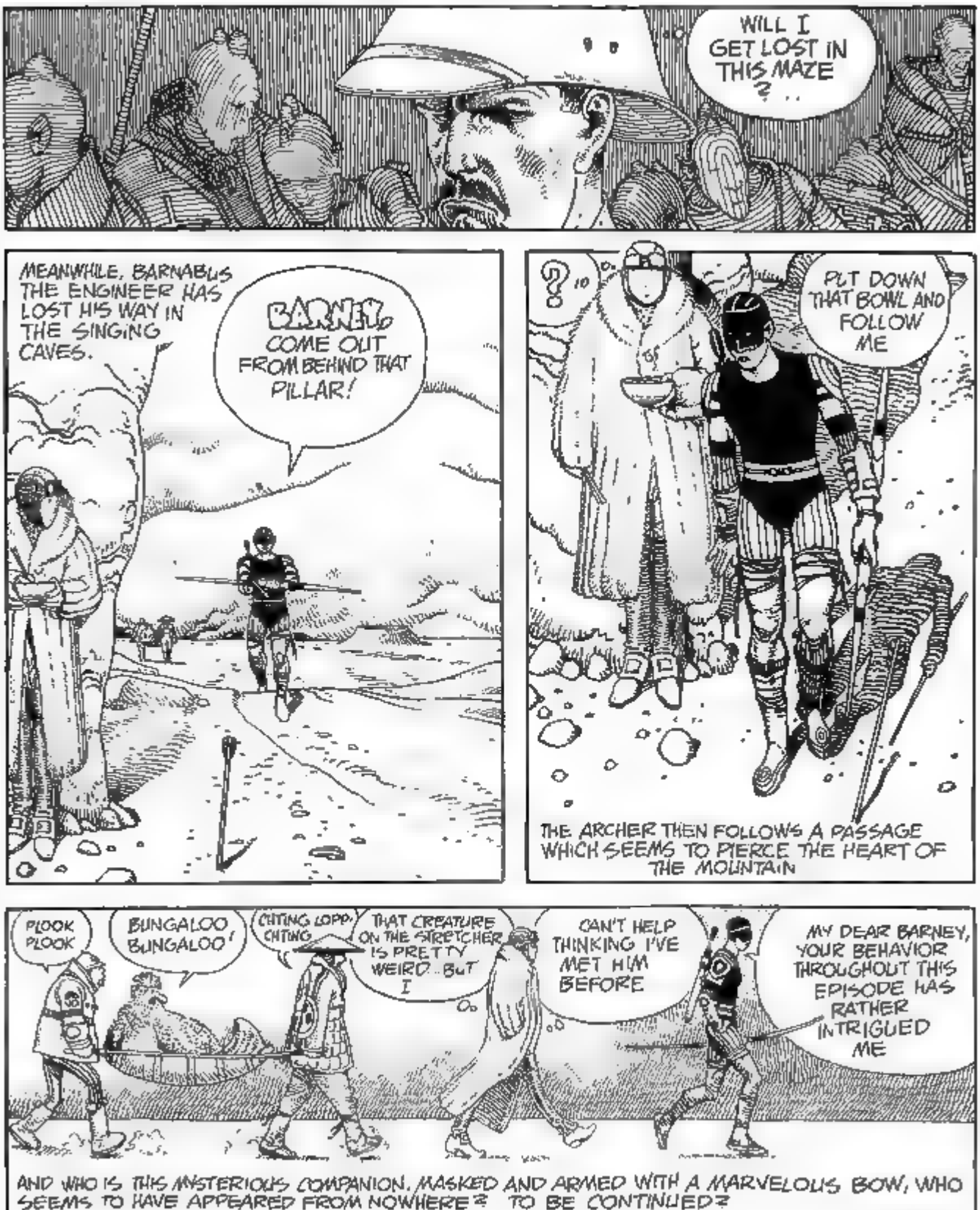
WHAP!
Now we've got him PULL!
KKRIK
No! They've captured Den.
Den, Den, Den! You'll never learn. What am I going to do with you?
You'll get nothing from me this time
Oh really?
You can never refuse me, Den. Just as I can never refuse you. I'll prove now that you'll give me what I want even with a jeering audience.
Tie him wel

Resist me, if you can
Still cool? Let's see if this little booger remembers me
Kath
Kath
Kath
KATH!

SHREEEK!
Oh,
(COUGH, COUGH!)
Den, I'm
falling!

I fear you'll live to regret letting the Queen live
It is against our nature to kill when it is not necessary Besides Zek, She saved Den earlier
Nevertheless I suggest you leave this land far behind
Because in four years, NeverWhere will be her's completely Then She'll come after you again
Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha! I PROVED IT!
We've got four years , then perhaps another adventure


GARAGE
HE'S NOT HERE ANYMORE!
CHCHAPEE! CHCK
A DEE CHAHH
STORY TO DATE GRUBERT IN HIS FLASHY MAJOR'S UNIFORM, TURNS LEFT, THEN FOLLOWS A CORRIDOR... AND FINALLY WALKS THROUGH A SORT OF DOOR...
MOEBIUS
AACH!.. WHAT AN APPALLING SMELL
THEN HE WALKS BY A LONG INTERIOR WALL AGAINST WHICH HUNDREDS OF TARGROWNS ARE LEANING


WILL I GET LOST IN THIS MAZE ? ..
MEANWHILE, BARNABUS THE ENGINEER HAS LOST HIS WAY IN THE SINGING CAVES.
BARNEY, COME OUT FROM BEHIND THAT PILLAR!
PUT DOWN THAT BOWL AND FOLLOW ME
THE ARCHER THEN FOLLOWS A PASSAGE WHICH SEEMS TO PIERCE THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN
PLOOK PLOOK
BUNGALOO BUNGALOO!
CHTING LOPP-CHTING
THAT CREATURE ON THE STRETCHER IS PRETTY WEIRD.. BUT I
CAN'T HELP THINKING I'VE MET HIM BEFORE
MY DEAR BARNEY, YOUR BEHAVIOR THROUGHOUT THIS EPISODE HAS RATHER INTRIGUED ME
AND WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS COMPANION, MASKED AND ARMED WITH A MARVELOUS BOW, WHO SEEMS TO HAVE APPEARED FROM NOWHERE? TO BE CONTINUED?
MOEBIUS 77

6 FROM

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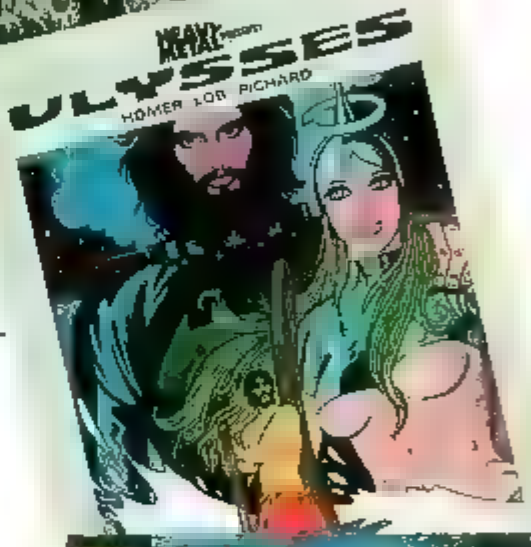

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URM THE MAD

CHAK

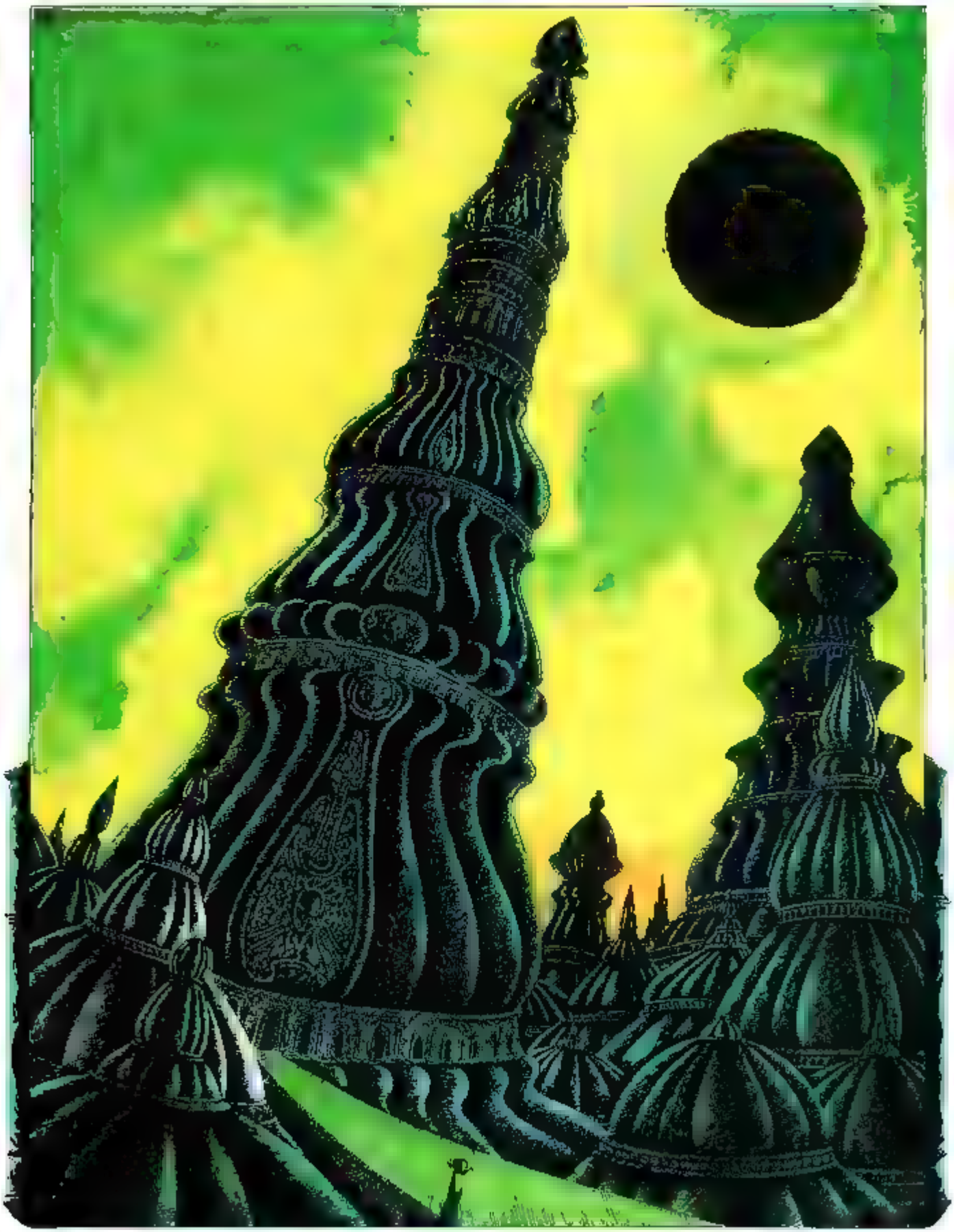
BEHOLD HOW WE ARE GOING TO DIE, URM... THOSE BEYOND [redacted] PLAYING WITH YOU!
SHUT UP! URM IS STRONG, AND THOSE WHO SLEEP IN THEIR TOMBS WILL NEVER MAKE HIM TREMBLE. AND I HAVE SPENT MORE THAN ONE NIGHT IN THEIR COLD ARMS.
YOU DREAMED OF GLORY AND STRENGTH. AND NOW THE RATS WILL GNAW YOUR BONES
BE SILENT BROTHER, AND ALLOW URM AND HIS ARMS OF IRON TO PROCEED

GROVEL, YOU PHANTOMS AND TERRORS OF THE NIGHT!
LAUGH!
LAUGH!

URM IMAGINES HE WILL ESCAPE THE GRASP OF MY LITTLE SERVANTS AND THE VORACIOUS MOUTHS OF MY GUESTS. URM, OUR FUTURE PRINCE WHOSE HEART IS SO FRAGILE
HAHAHA
URM HATES YOU! URM WILL KILL YOU ALL!
URM LISTEN TO ME COME

GO TO YOUR DRAGONS, URM! GO! LISTEN TO THE SONGS OF THOSE WHO BATHE ETERNALLY IN THE SHALLOWS OF THE UNDERWORLD YOU WILL UNDERSTAND THEIR LANGAGE FOR THEIR BLOOD IS YOUR BLOOD..
WITH THEM YOU WILL CONQUER THE LIVING CITY. WITHOUT THEM, IT WILL EAT YOU, URM.
HOW DARE YOU RETURN BEFORE ME? TRULY, THE DEAD HERE COME AND GO AS THEY PLEASE! BE GONE! I ORDER YOU TO RETURN TO WHENCE YOU CAME! OBEY, FOR I ALONE COMMAND HERE!

DON'T FORGET THE DRAGONS, URM!
WHO IS IT?
YOUR MOTHER, PERHAPS...
HA! HA! HA! HA!
NOW KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
BUT URM RAN AS FAST AS THE CHILD-ROCK WHO SLEPT IN THE MOUNTAINS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE KNOWN WORLD!
YOU GROTESQUE PUPPETS RETURN TO THE DUST FROM WHICH I DRAGGED YOU! YOU CAN FLEE, URM. I HAVE OTHER MYSTERIES IN STORE FOR YOU!



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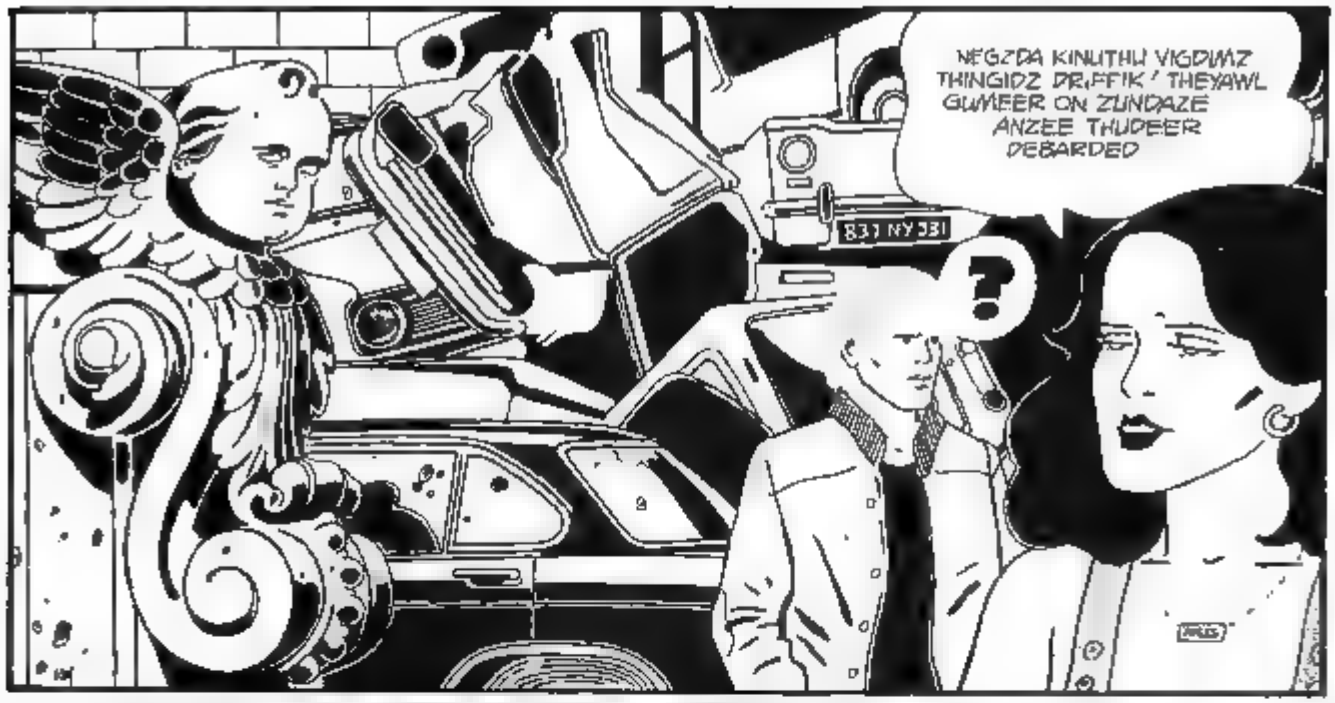
1996

ONO! NO, MIZDER, THADZ NODDA CARGAZ!
AN DZ NODDA MISTAYG NEETHER JEEZ, IGAN TELYU DIDN REED AR GADALOG TO GLOWZ
UMM NO! I DIDN!
WEL, WUD LIGS LYG ANORNARY GORBZ DU YOO IZ AGJULEE THEMBOMD BODYUTHU GARZ PREEVYUZ OWNER..

AR GUMBANY NICHYADED THIZ BOLLIZEE AZA BUBLIG ZERV Z FORIDZ GUZDUMERZ.
HOO NO ZAKLEE WUDA ZBECT FRUMUZ THIZWAYA GARZAR KYNNA BERZUNALYZED
AR ZIZDEMZO ZUGZEZVUL, WEGAN BOM EVRYWON FER FREE.
AN YOONO HOWMUDGID GOSPA BED BERREED EEZDAZE
!
DONCHA
?


NEGZDA KINUTHU VIGDMZ THINGIDZ DR.FFIK' THEYAWL GUMEER ON ZUNDAZE ANZEE THUDEER DEBARDED
831 NY 331
?

AN ZUMDUMEZ EEN AZG DuBEE LAYDOWD BEZ DEM WENAY DYE

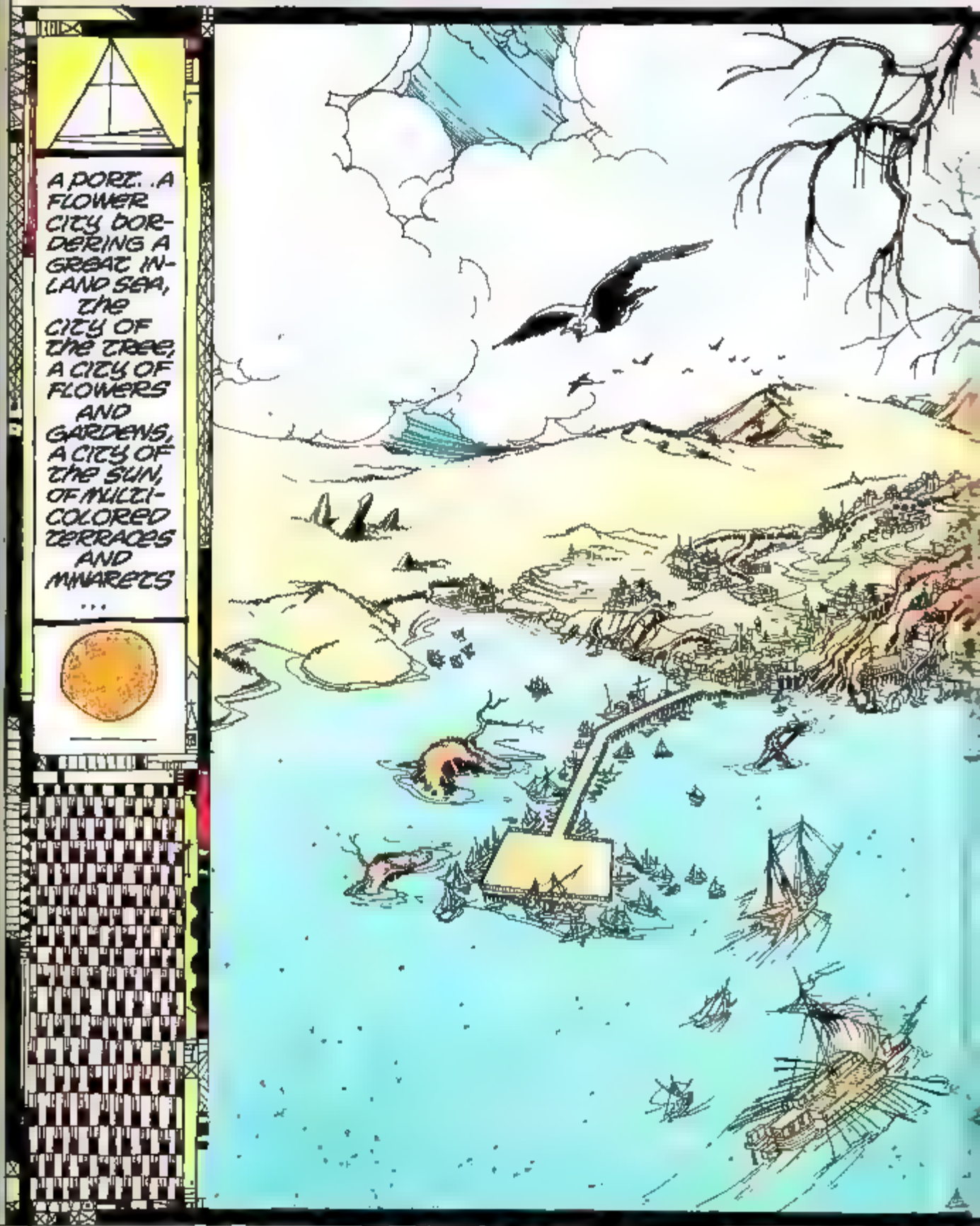
WHA?!
TOBAD WEGAN ONLEE DOOIDON ZBEZJUL GAYZJUNS
!

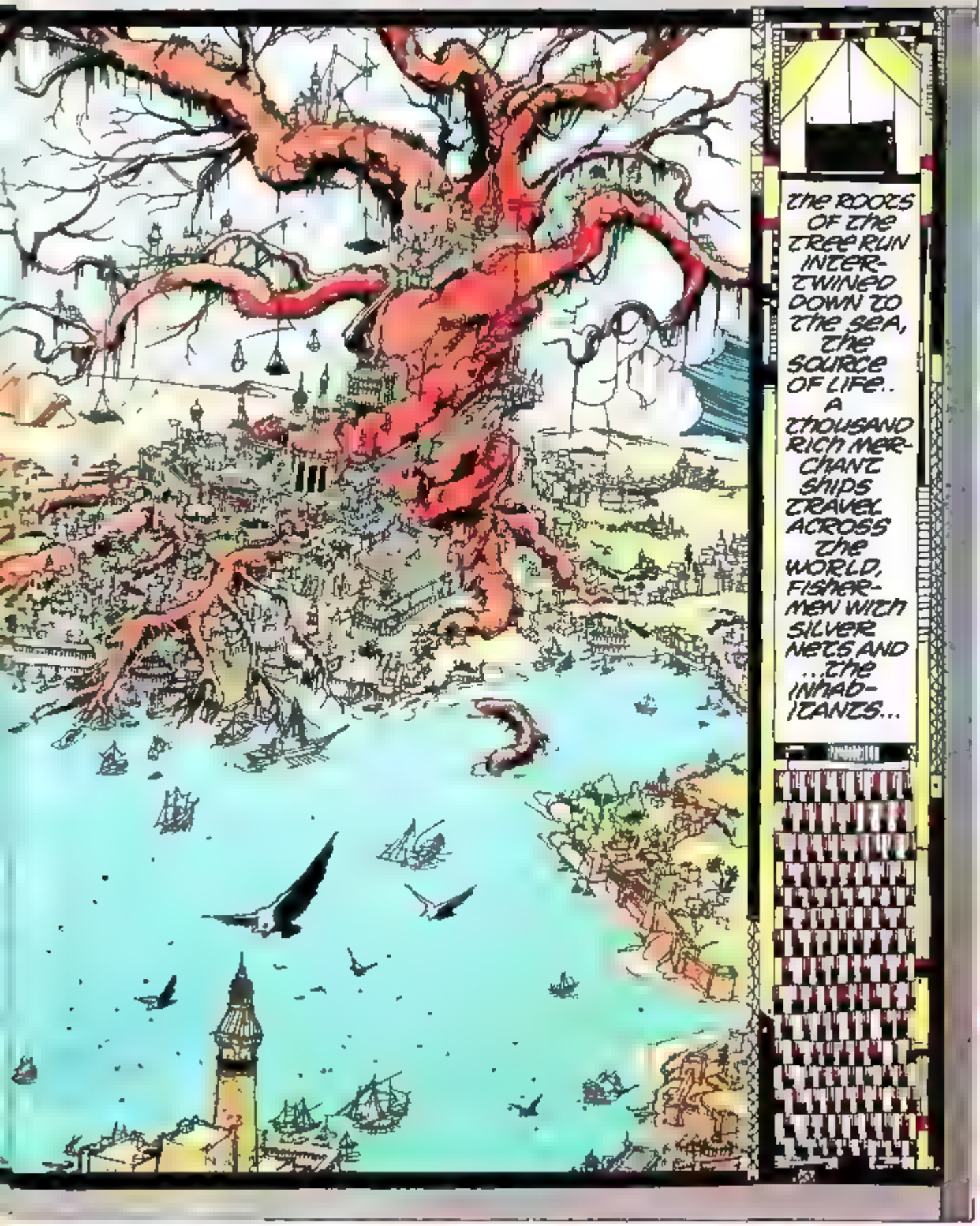
GUZUTHU DIMEVAGDOREN VOLVED. BUD IVWEEGAN EMBRUVA BREZENDAJUN. WEEDOOID
LYG, DAYG VRINZDANZ LAZD HOLIDAZE AVDERA RILLY BIG AGZIDEND, WEEWERAY-BULDA REBILDA HOLE FAMBLEE, BIDBYBID I WJWEEKUD DOOID MORAWVUN' ID RILLY LUGD DRIFFIG'
JUZD MADJIN A HOLE FAMBLEE . BIDBYBID.
KORZ, WEEDIDN GEEBID ABOWN LONG' MYOOZEEUMA MODRENARD BOD THUHOLE GROOB ..

AGJULEE, MOZDA DIME .
WEELEEVIDAD WUN OGYUBAND BERGAR IDZEENUVDA BERZUNALYZA REG ANIDZ ALOD JEEBER!
MMM.. WEL . YEZ! SHUR! I GEZ AYL BYOZE FOGLYDZ..
AWRIDE..
AYL JUZ BRIND ONDA ZAYLZ ZLIBERE WUDZYER NAYM, BLEEZ?
UMM .UHH.
ALVRAYDO GARZYA
ALVRAYDO GARZYA BUD. . BUD JEEZ, YER-NOD-DA...
IMA BORDA REEGAN! WUDUVID

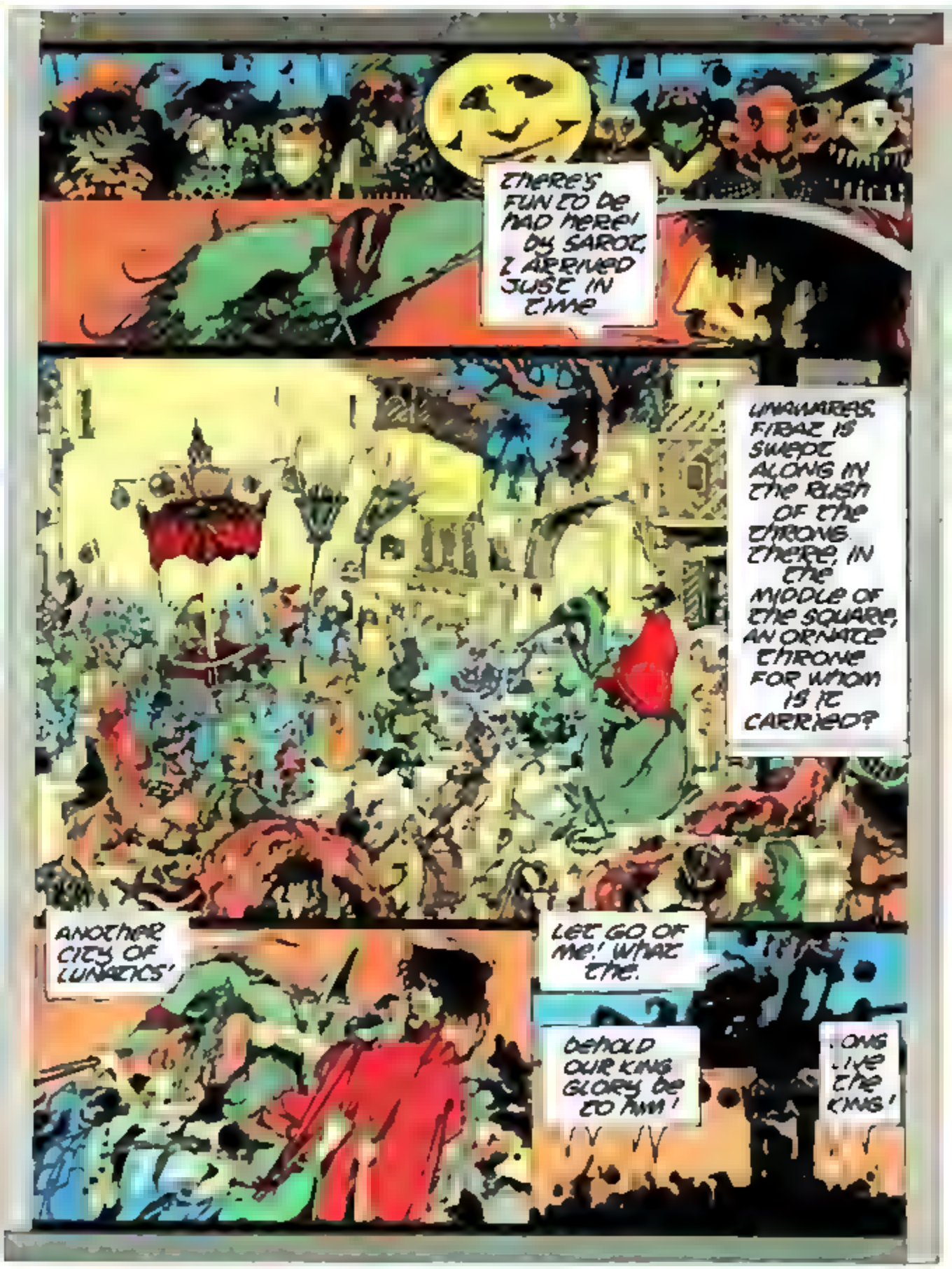
TO BE CONTINUED...

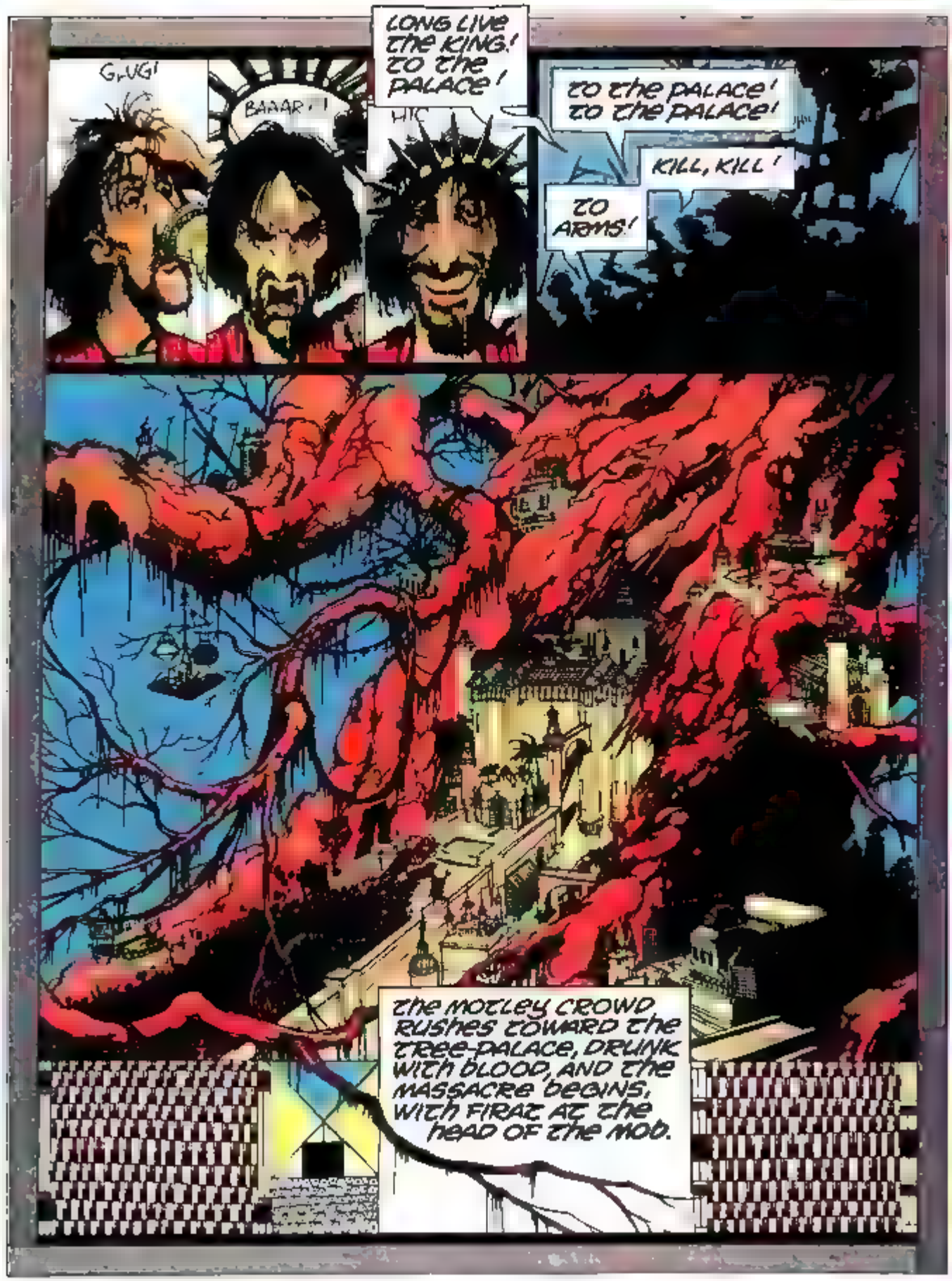
CITY OF FLOWERS


A PORT. . A FLOWER CITY BORDERING A GREAT INLAND SEA, THE CITY OF THE TREE, A CITY OF FLOWERS AND GARDENS, A CITY OF THE SUN, OF MULTI-COLORED TERRACES AND MINARETS . . .


the ROOTS OF the TREE RUN INTER-TWINED DOWN TO the SEA, the SOURCE OF LIFE..
A THOUSAND RICH MER-CHANT SHIPS TRAVEL ACROSS the WORLD, FISHER-MEN WITH SILVER NETS AND ...the INHAB-ITANTS...

CARNIVAL IS IN FULL SWING, FIRAZ, AND YOU WILL JOIN THE FESTIVITIES... AND KNOW THEIR PURPOSE...

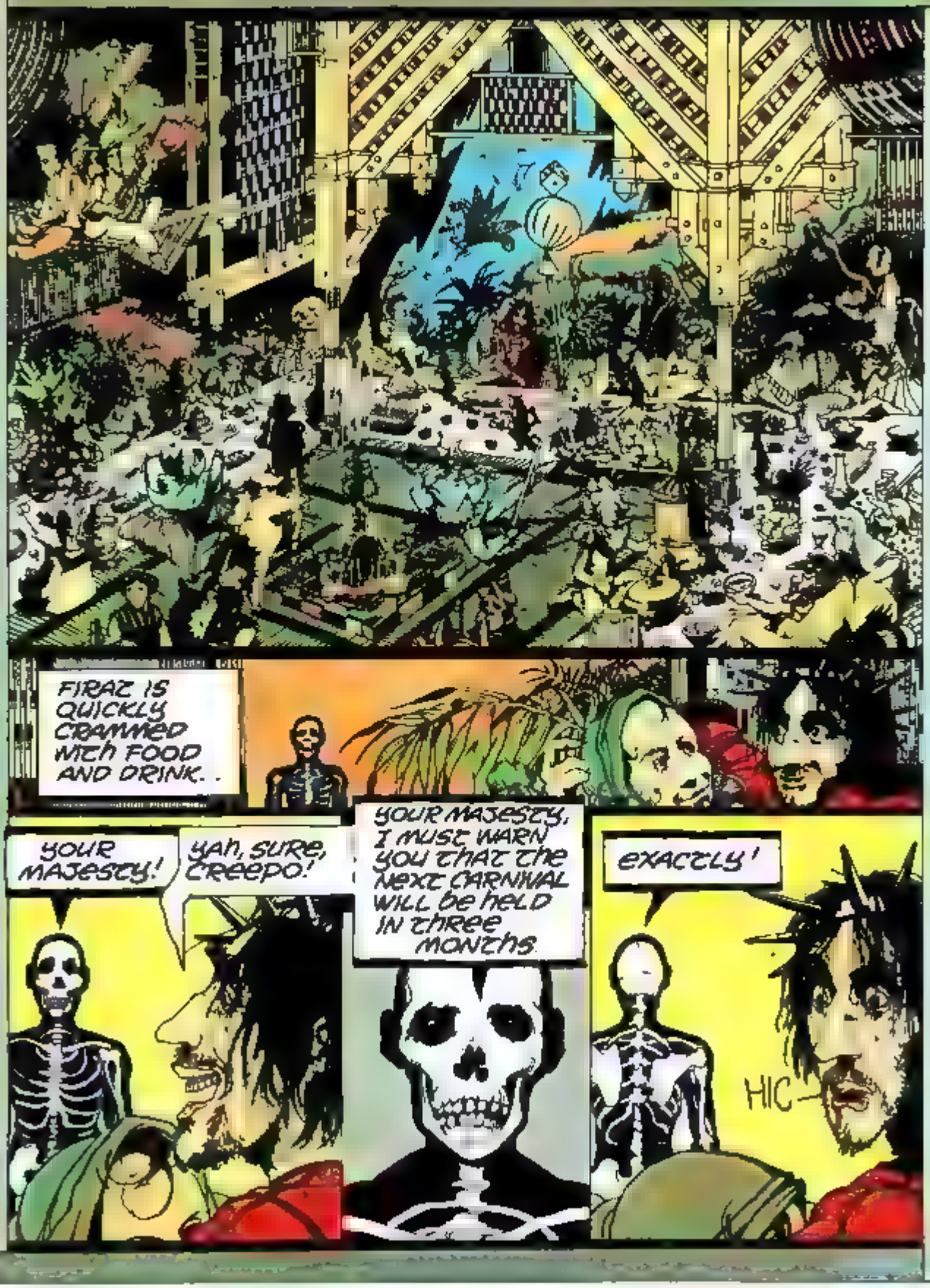

there's FUN TO BE HAD HERE! BY SAROT, I ARRIVED JUST IN TIME
UNHAMPERED, FIBAZ IS SWEPT ALONG IN THE RUSH OF THE THRONG. THERE, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SQUARE, AN ORNATE THRONE FOR WHOM IS IT CARRIED?
ANOTHER CITY OF LUNATICS!
LET GO OF ME! WHAT THE...
BEHOLD OUR KING. GLORY BE TO HIM!
LONG LIVE THE KING!


GUG!
BAAAR!
LONG LIVE THE KING! TO THE PALACE!
HIC
TO THE PALACE! TO THE PALACE!
KILL, KILL!
TO ARMS!
THE MOTLEY CROWD RUSHES TOWARD THE TREE-PALACE, DRUNK WITH BLOOD, AND THE MASSACRE BEGINS, WITH FIRAZ AT THE HEAD OF THE MOB.

the personal guard of the king is ripped to pieces in the twinkling of an eye... faster even than the twinkling of an eye..
to death! to death!
to death! to death!

MISERABLE SCUM! I'LL WIPE OUT THE LOT OF YOU...
DEATH! DEATH!
AGAIN! AGAIN!
HIS HIGHNESS LIFTED THE REGAL SKIRTS AND RAN AWAY IN A MOST UNDIGNIFIED MANNER
DAMN YOU ALL AND DAMN YOUR GODS! .. KÄFF! KÄFF!
KILL! KILL!
KÄFF! KÄFF!
GANG OF RATS! FILTHY SWINE...

ARRRGH!
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN, YOUR highness!
PLAF
the KING IS DEAD!
LONG LIVE the KING!
LONG LIVE the KING!


FIRAZ IS QUICKLY CRAMMED WITH FOOD AND DRINK..
YOUR MAJESTY!
YAH, SURE, CREEPO!
YOUR MAJESTY, I MUST WARN YOU THAT THE NEXT CARNIVAL WILL BE HELD IN THREE MONTHS.
EXACTLY!
HIC

FIN

continued from page 1

here I am giving my own word of advice *Heavy Metal* surely won't work as a pot substitute Its fine dialectics of rumor humor horror anger danger guilt and innocence, and no-sense nonsense and vice versa far from being representative of the all-too-real mental effects one gets from even the strongest smokes, is to be understood as the attitude of mind of a much experienced psychedelic tripper Indeed that is the distinctive feature the very personality of *Heavy Metal* when one comes to compare it with the wide majority of present-day science and magic fiction production *Heavy Metal* should not so plainly emphasize its adulthood *Metal Hurlant* people make all that psychic art for the entertainment of the Ancient Head who dwells within every really intelligent kid. Jimi Hendrix and Brian Jones what kind of "adults" do you think they were? Yet, were they still alive they would be your prototype readers, I'm sure

Please tell Sergio Macedo and Auan that Alvaro, Ely, Luis, Bebe Marika, Brois, Zejo, Zekiel, Lana, Maru, Ary, Enio, me and all the good people back in Brazil wish them the utmost success, and that we will never miss them

Zé Visone
S. Paulo SP
Brazil

Editors

Reality News progress report your *HM* binder is bullshit My issues are suffering damage from the ill-conceived size of that ridiculous come-on Also your editorials are embarassing at best and detrimental at blah blah Your pseudo-hip jargo-istic attempts at semi-direct communication are a disgrace to the otherwise exceptional quality of your contents

William Fuller III
Sacramento, Calif

Dear Bill the Third Many thanks for the style lesson. Must remember to use more words like pseudo and blah blah. You're right about the binders though Eds

Dear Messrs. Meta

My principal complaint is that your magazine is simply too European. The European experience is quite different and it is therefore difficult for the American reader to really "get into" a European work

Rex T Shelby
Largo, Md

Sotrue Will you sign our petition to get all European, Rembrandt, Picasso, et al out of our museums? How can we respect a people whose mothers let our fathers fuck 'em for Hershey bars after the war anyway? Eds

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1 APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak and more! ($5.00)

HM #2/MAY 1977 introducing Roger the paranoid puppet Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, while Harzak Sunpot, and Den continue ($4.00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977 Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator Robert E Howard, with illustrations by Corben; Macedo's Rockbillz (the highly praised Shells the first chapter of Dave's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak ($3.00)

HM #4/JULY 1977 is a must for Moebius fans with 2 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga, The Long Tomorrow also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen ($3.00)

HM #5/AUGUST 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes World Apart and Den continue all amidst talking plants, samurai puppets, sex and violence ($3.00)

HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic Aztecs, cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery chemically-induced sanity, a Moebius space opera, more World Apart, Den, and Polonius, plus a Roger Zelazny short story ($3.00)

HM #7/OCTOBER, 1977 Packed with knights, ladies, jet pilots insanity reincarnation and other harmless pastimes. 10 pages of color Moebius the Airtight Garage, Den, and Polonius *redux* and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon ($3.00)

HM #8/NOVEMBER, 1977: With nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud the conclusions of both Polonius and World Apart, explicit, intellectual mollusks, birth and death stars, and a great new Harlan Ellison story– the heaviest *Heavy Metal* yet! ($3.00)

HM #9/DECEMBER, 1977: This time went up to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Druillet's anti-hero Vuzz a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein In addition to full-color contributions from regulars Corben, Macedo, Clavelloux, and Moebius ($3.00)

HM #10/JANUARY, 1978: We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny we got Lob and Pichard to update Ulysses, we got Meehan to do a *Heavy Metal* calendar girl we concluded Conquering Armies and continued Den Of course you *knew* about the incas, fog lights, and the time warp. ($2.00)

HM #11/FEBRUARY, 1978: Wherein begin the new adventures of Barbarella, naked to her enemies and nude to her friends and of Urm the Fool in his quest for revenge Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino A trip to Venus, the Crusader and the Witch, and Moebius down the rabbit hole With the usual unusual, like Den ($2.00)

HM #12/MARCH, 1978: In which we learn the evils of witch-hunts and the perils of witchcraft, the problems of mass transit, and the dangers of hitchhiking. Plus, the first swashbuckling episode of Orion More Barbarella More Urm And still more Den ($2.00)

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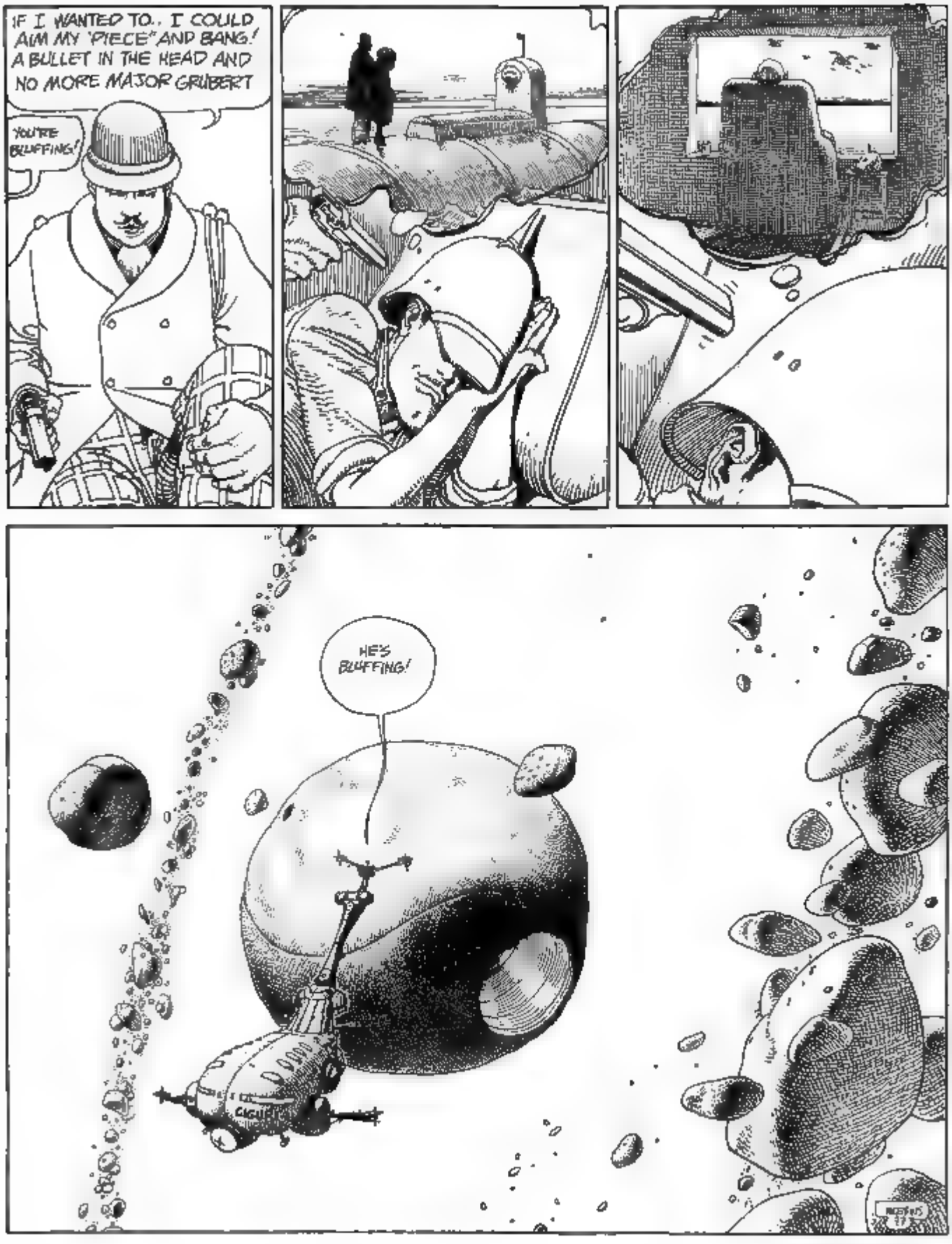
OF JERRY CORNELIUS. STORY TO DATE: EVERYONE'S ASKING HIMSELF HOW MAJOR GRUBERT HAS COME TO FIND HIMSELF IN THE FILTHY UNDERWORLD OF THE CAPITAL... AND NOW, HE HAS LOST HIS WAY. HE WILL NEVER LEAVE, BABBLING AS HE IS IN AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE MANNER... WELL, WE'LL CERTAINLY SEE.
AH, WHAT ETERNITIES I TRAVERSE SO POINTLESSLY...
I CAN'T GO ON. I MUST GET SOME SLEEP!
HE'S ASLEEP!
THERE HE IS! COME ON!
ZZZ
SO THIS IS THE FAMOUS MAJOR GRUBERT!
INCREDIBLE! I ALWAYS THOUGHT OF HIM AS A SORT OF GOD!..
AND HERE HE IS SO VULNERABLE, ASLEEP!


IF I WANTED TO.. I COULD AIM MY "PIECE" AND BANG! A BULLET IN THE HEAD AND NO MORE MAJOR GRUBERT
YOU'RE BLUFFING!
HE'S BLUFFING!
GIGGLE!

TO BE CONTINUED..

Kierkimos TOXIS

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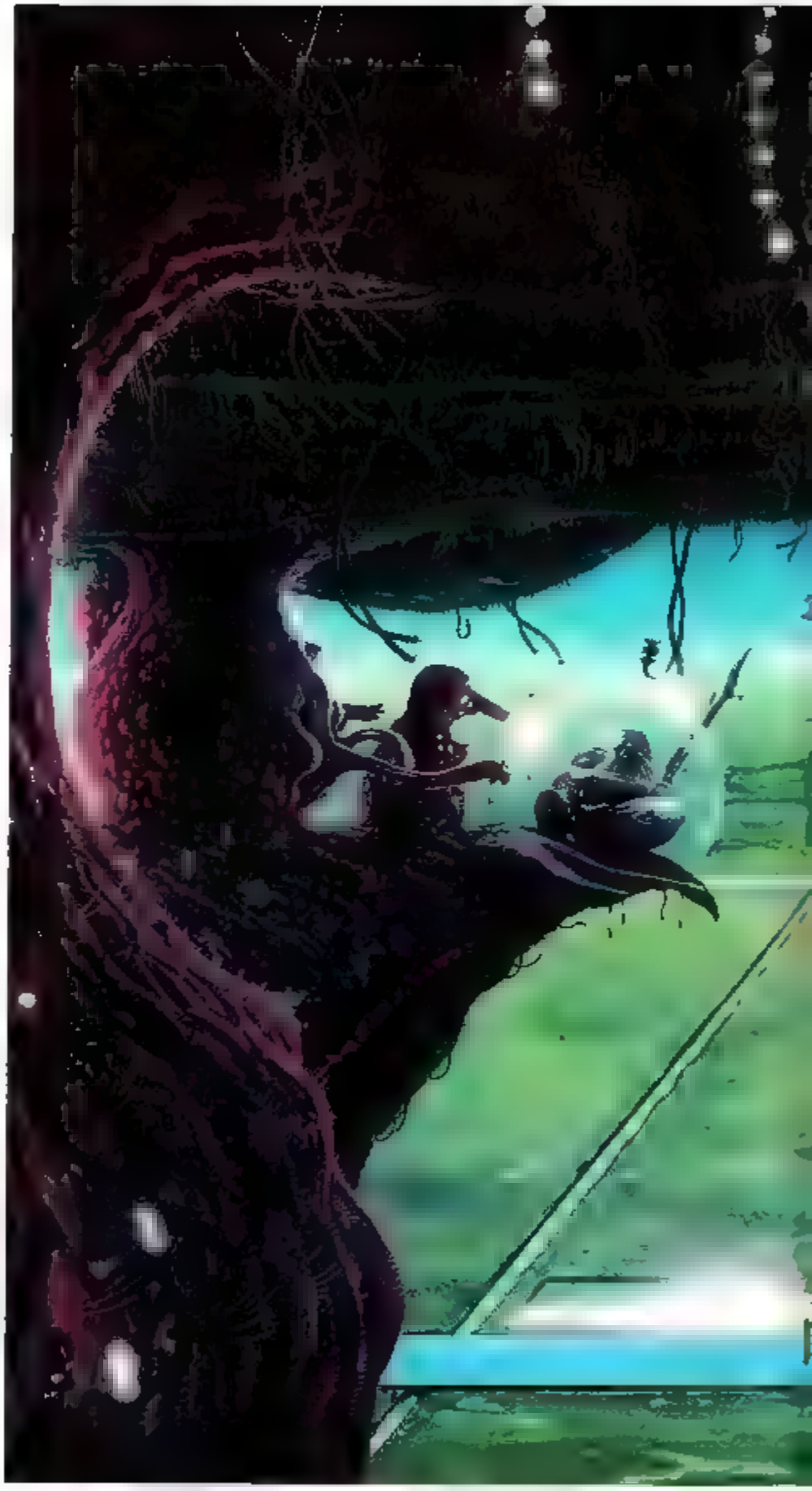
Kierkimos Toxis, a complex biological weapon masquerading as a planet, is the home of the Federation's Computer of Sciences; this site has been chosen for its central location and because the planet's adverse biology provides a natural barrier against surveillance and attack.

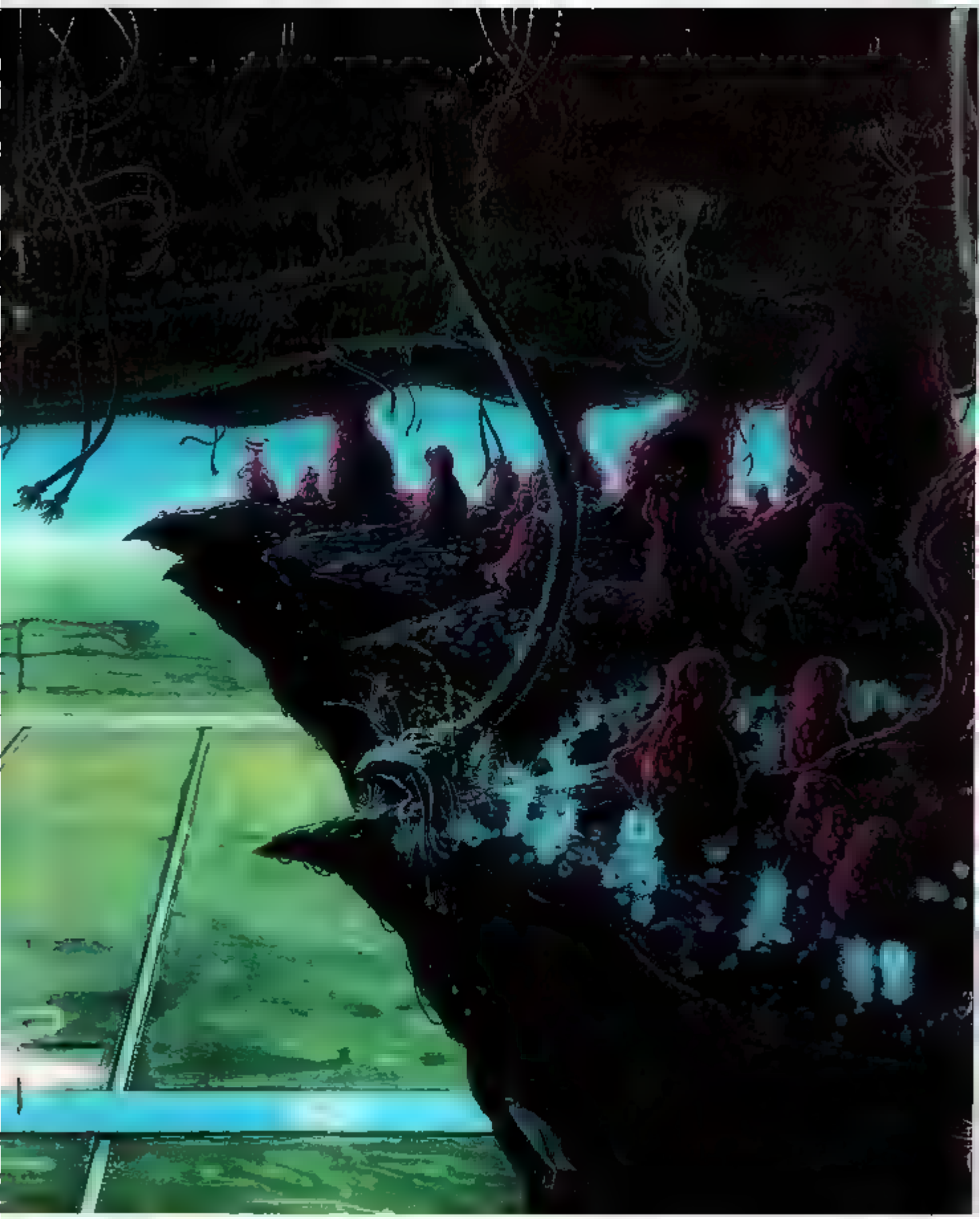
Installed clandestinely during construction of the Levilon roadways used by tour vehicles to traverse the seventy meter deep firemoss, the base is totally self-controlled. Data arrives and departs in Complanes cleverly disguised as tour craft and is transferred instantly as the Complane passes before the computer's eye, whose opening is masked by a laser flash resembling the flash of tour cameras.

In the cliff face nearly two kilometers above, a sentinel, protected by a force bubble, monitors the operation. The labyrinthine caves were created when massive fungus trunks forced rock strata apart. The ancient fungus is of particular interest to the bioscience community because of its peculiar ability to sprout pseudopods at the approach of warm objects. Corrosive enzymal properties allow the pods to bore into almost any material.

Other creatures of the caves are the *Toxis solanis*, a flying plant about the size of a Terran eagle, a deadly wormlike *Pallifus* seen here snatching a *Solanis* in flight, and the triple-celled *Candle polyp* whose malign ability to penetrate protective suits and fatally burn their occupants caused the abandonment of plans to mine the mineral-rich planet.

From the Stellar Journals of
KARL B. KOFOED





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We have quoted a fan who wrote to us: "Heavy Metal is better than being stoned. Almost."

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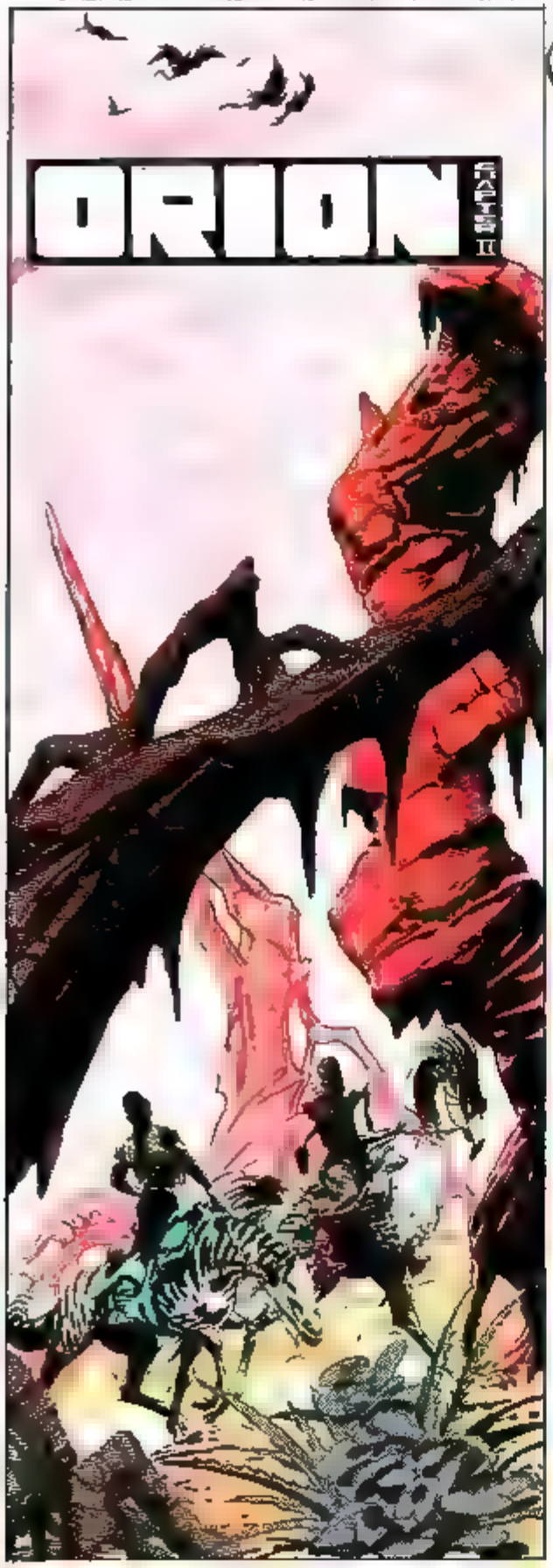
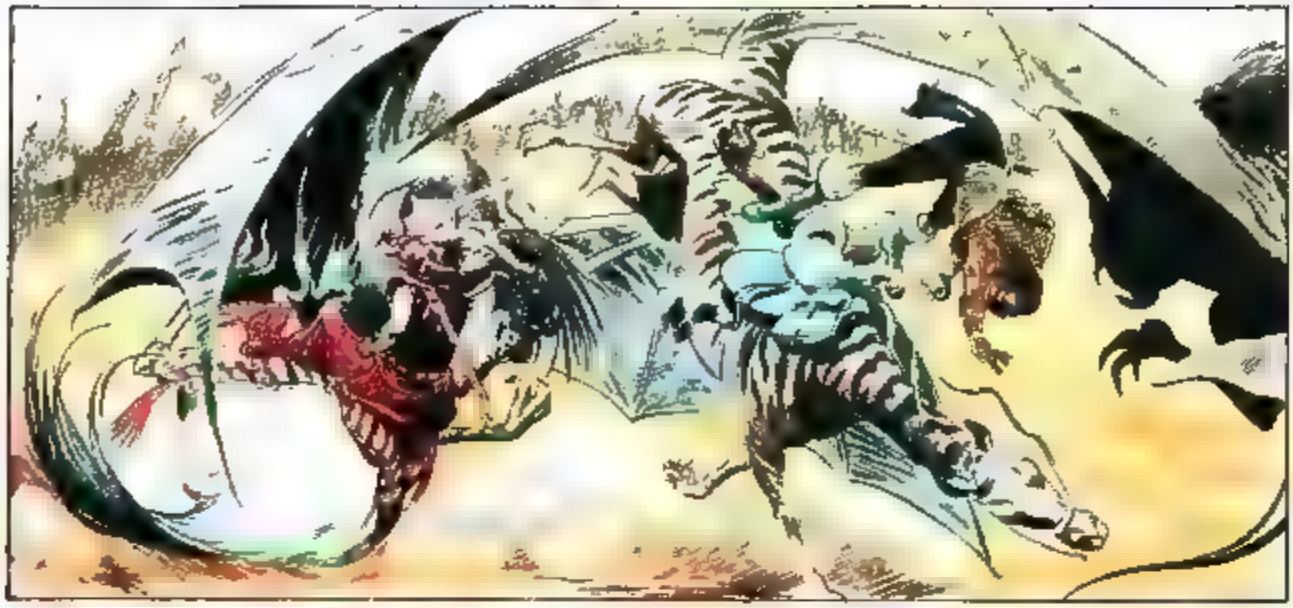
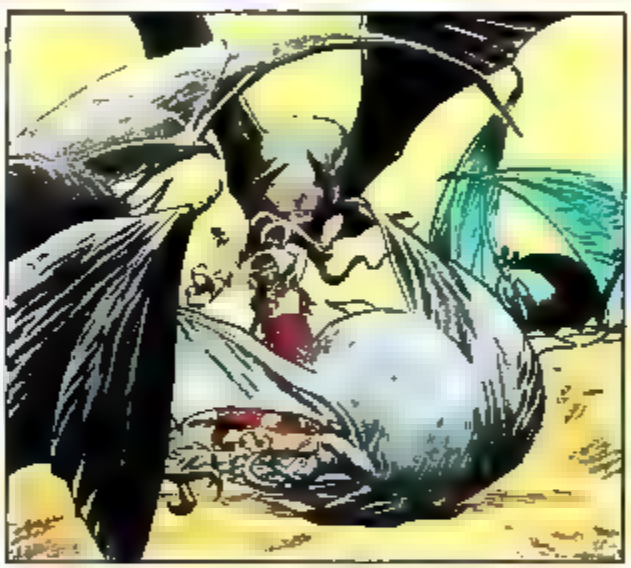
ORION AND MAMBA THE MERCENARY FLEE FROM THE WIZARD LAMONTHOS ACROSS THE SANDS OF BALMODRA THEIR PROGRESS IS CAREFULLY SCRUTINIZED BY....



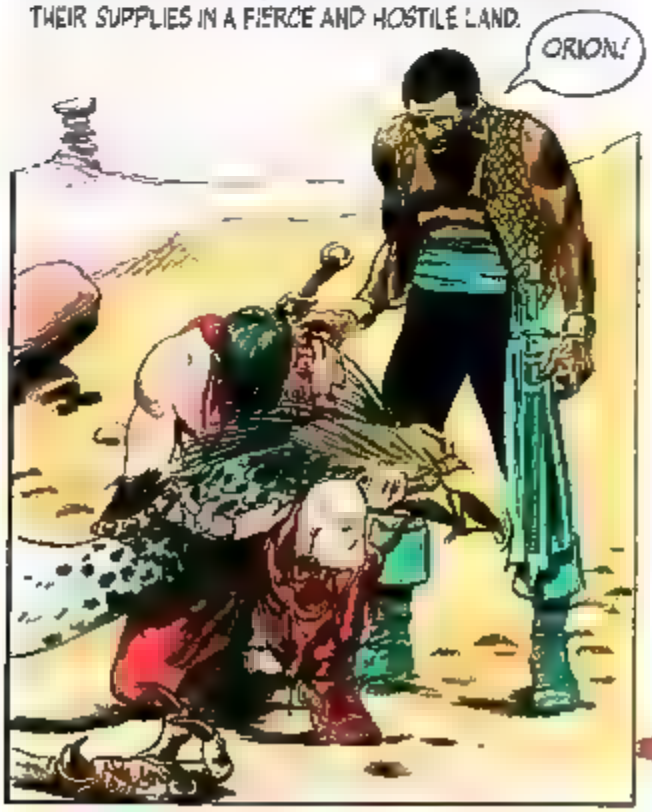




TORN AND BLEEDING ORION WIELDS HIS MIGHTY BLADE LIKE A SCYTHE WREAKING HAVOC AMONG THE SKIRLING SHROUD-LIKE KITES WHILE MAMBA, UNMOLESTED, WATCHES . AND WAITS.

IN A BLOODCURDLING CACAPHONY OF SHRIEKING CALLS THE REMAINING KITES CAREEN INTO THE AIR, UNWILLING TO FORFEIT ANY MORE OF THEIR NUMBERS TO ORION'S TERRIBLE SWORD.

ORION TAKES STOCK OF THEIR SITUATION AND FINDS IT TO BE A GRIM ONE, INDEED WITH HIS STEED DEAD AND MAMBA'S RUN OFF, THEY ARE AFOOT MINUS HALF THEIR SUPPLIES IN A FIERCE AND HOSTILE LAND.



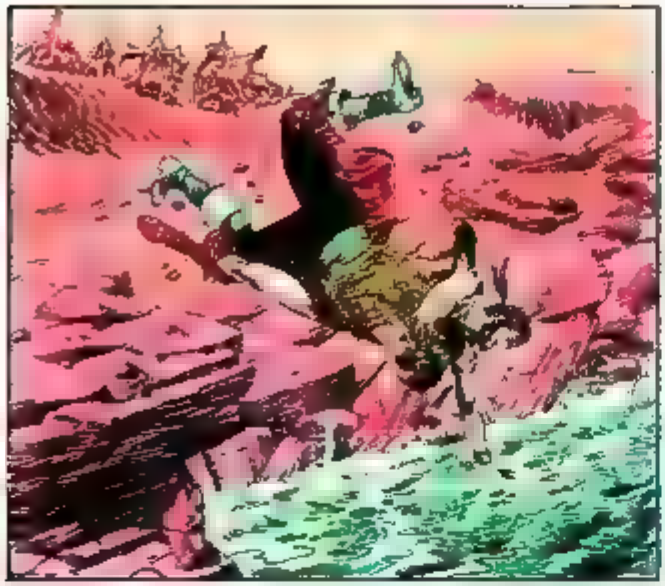
NOT A MARK ON YOU! TWICE NOW YOU'VE BEEN UNWILLING OR UNABLE TO AID ME IN A FIGHT FOR MY LIFE MY GLIB "FRIEND," HAVE YOU NO BLOOD IN YOUR VEINS?
MY LOPIR THREW ME! I WAS STUNNED!
AH, MY POOR COMRADE, YOU BLAME ME FOR OUR MISFORTUNE WHEN IT IS LAMONTHOS AND HIS DETERMINATION TO POSSESS YOUR ACCURSED SWORD THAT IS THE REAL TROUBLE
I SAY LEAVE IT FOR THE WIZARD TO FIND AND BE RID OF ITS EVIL INFLUENCE ONCE AND FOR ALL! THEN WE. ..
NOW I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND! YOU'RE HIS LACKEY — HIS..... RETRIEVER!
THIS IS WHAT YOU'RE AFTER, ISN'T IT? FOR HIM!
TAKE IT THEN! IF YOU CAN!

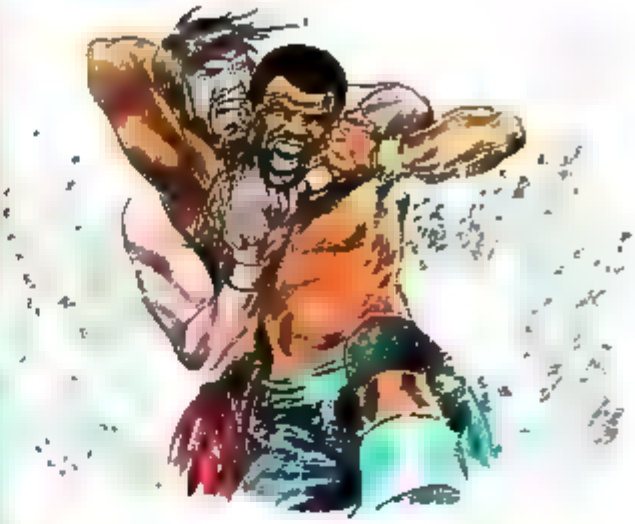
A GLAZE FILMS THE MERCENARY'S EYES WHICH REMAIN FIXED ON THE MAGIC BLADE FOR SEVERAL SECONDS. THEN, RASPING HIS OWN HALF-DRAWN WEAPON BACK INTO IT'S SHEATH, HE PULLS **THORBOLT** FROM THE TURF. SUDDENLY HIS FROZEN VISAGE IS SPLIT WIDE BY A WOLFISH GRIN AND HE LUNGES TOWARD ORION'S MOTIONLESS FIGURE TO *HEW HIM DOWN THE MIDDLE!*

WHAT NEXT OCCURS WOULD SEEM TO INDICATE THAT WHILE THE TWO COMBATANTS CERTAINLY ARE.....

...AGGRESSIVE...
...DIRECT...
...SPIRITED...
...AND RESOURCEFUL...
...THEY ARE NOT...
...GENTLEMEN!

THE HEAT OF THE CONTROVERSY CARRIES THEM INTO A RAGING STREAM WHICH FAILS TO DAMPEN THEIR CONTENTIOUSNESS.

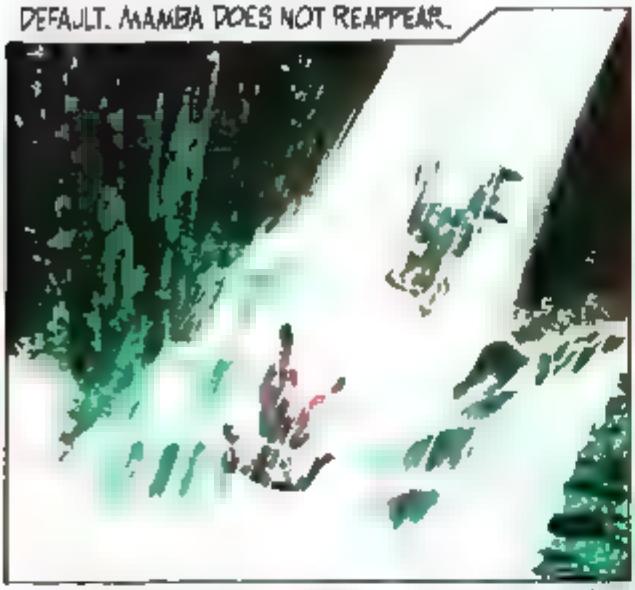




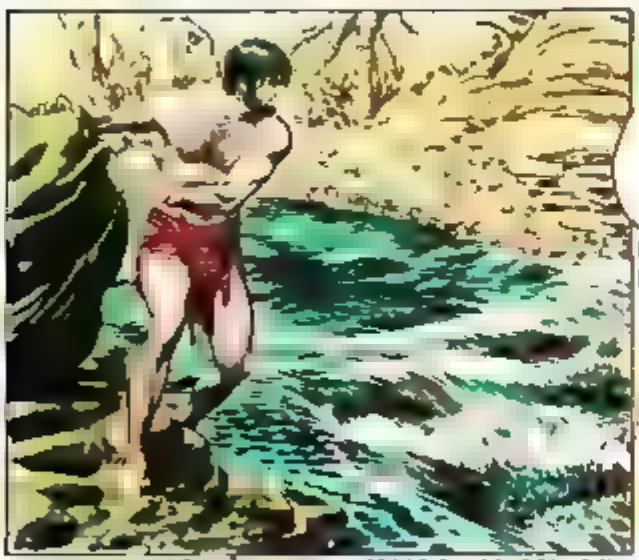
MAMBA EMPHASISES HIS POSITION WITH A PIECE OF DRIFTWOOD. ORION NEARLY CONCEDES HIS STAND ENTIRELY.

A MIGHTY CASCADE THREATENS TO SETTLE THEIR DISPUTE *FOR* THEM — PERMANENTLY!

THE DISAGREEMENT COMES TO AN ABRUPT END AT THE BOTTOM OF THE FALLS WITH ORION THE VICTOR, APPARENTLY BY DEFAULT. MAMBA DOES NOT REAPPEAR.



REPEATED DIVES AND CANVASSING OF BOTH BANKS FURTHER DOWN STREAM PROVE FRUITLESS DISPIRITED, ORION RECOVERS HIS SWORD AND THE NECESSARY SUPPLIES TO CONTINUE HIS TREK



THIS DAMNED THING *WHY* DO I KEEP IT? WHAT PRICE NV NC.BILITY? *DAMN*, I *LIKED* THE WILY BASTARD AND HIS FRANKLY LARCENOUS NATURE I JUST WANTED TO SHOW HIM I DIDN'T NEED AN *EDGE* TO KEEP HIM OR *ANYONE ELSE* FROM STEALING THORBOLT NOW I'M ALONE IN THIS GODFORSAKEN WILDERNESS WITH MY GUILTY CONSCIENCE WELL, THAT CRACKBRAINED MAGICIAN WILL UNDOUBTEDLY KEEP THINGS *INTERESTING*...

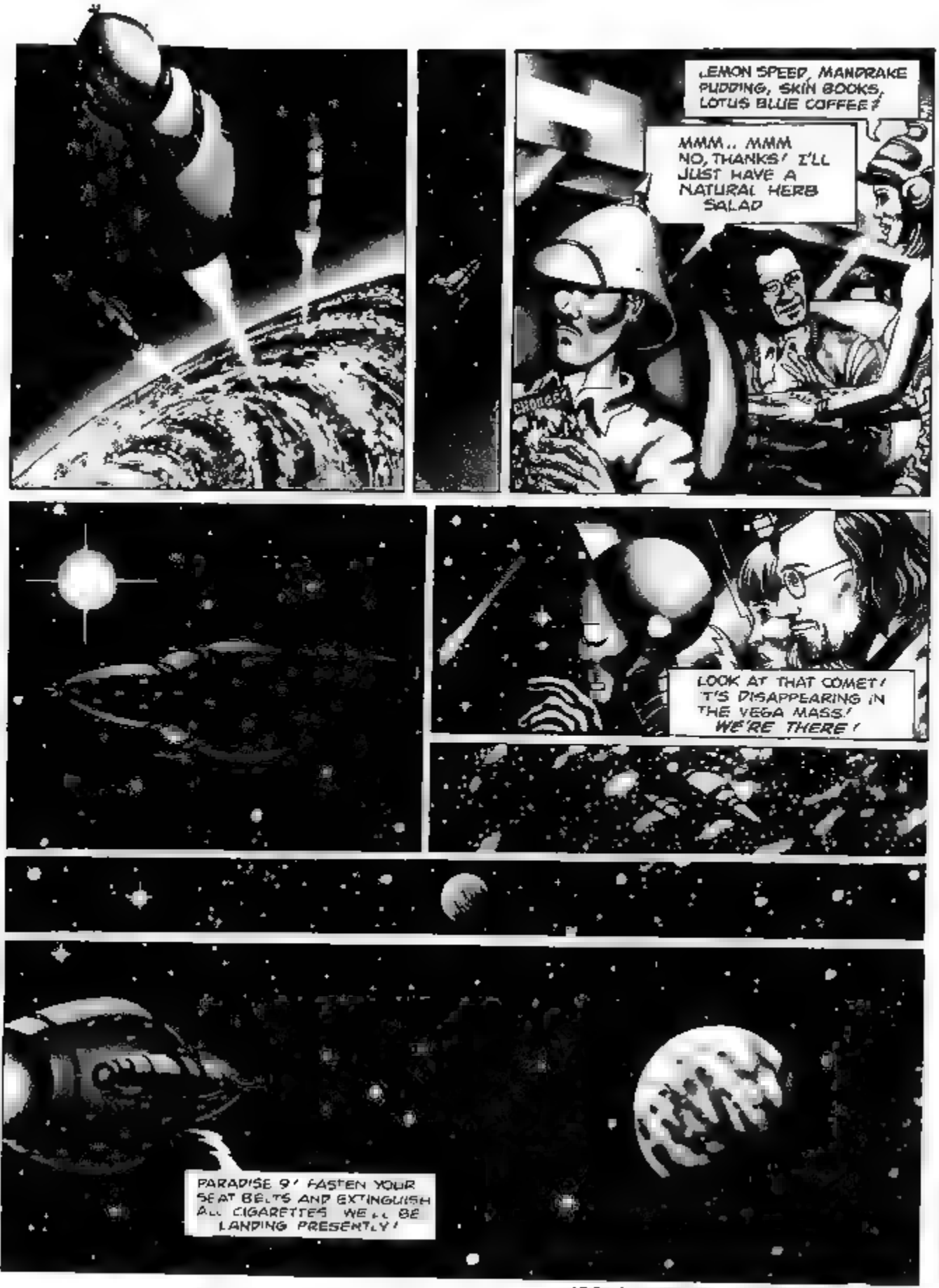
CURSING THORBOLT'S ENTICING AFFECT ON COVETOUS RASCALS AND WIZARDS ALL, HE SETS OUT GRIMLY ACROSS THE FORBIDDING TERRAIN

PARADISE 9

A distant planet, which welcomes only 325 visitors each year. Curiously, when they return, their reports are contradictory.

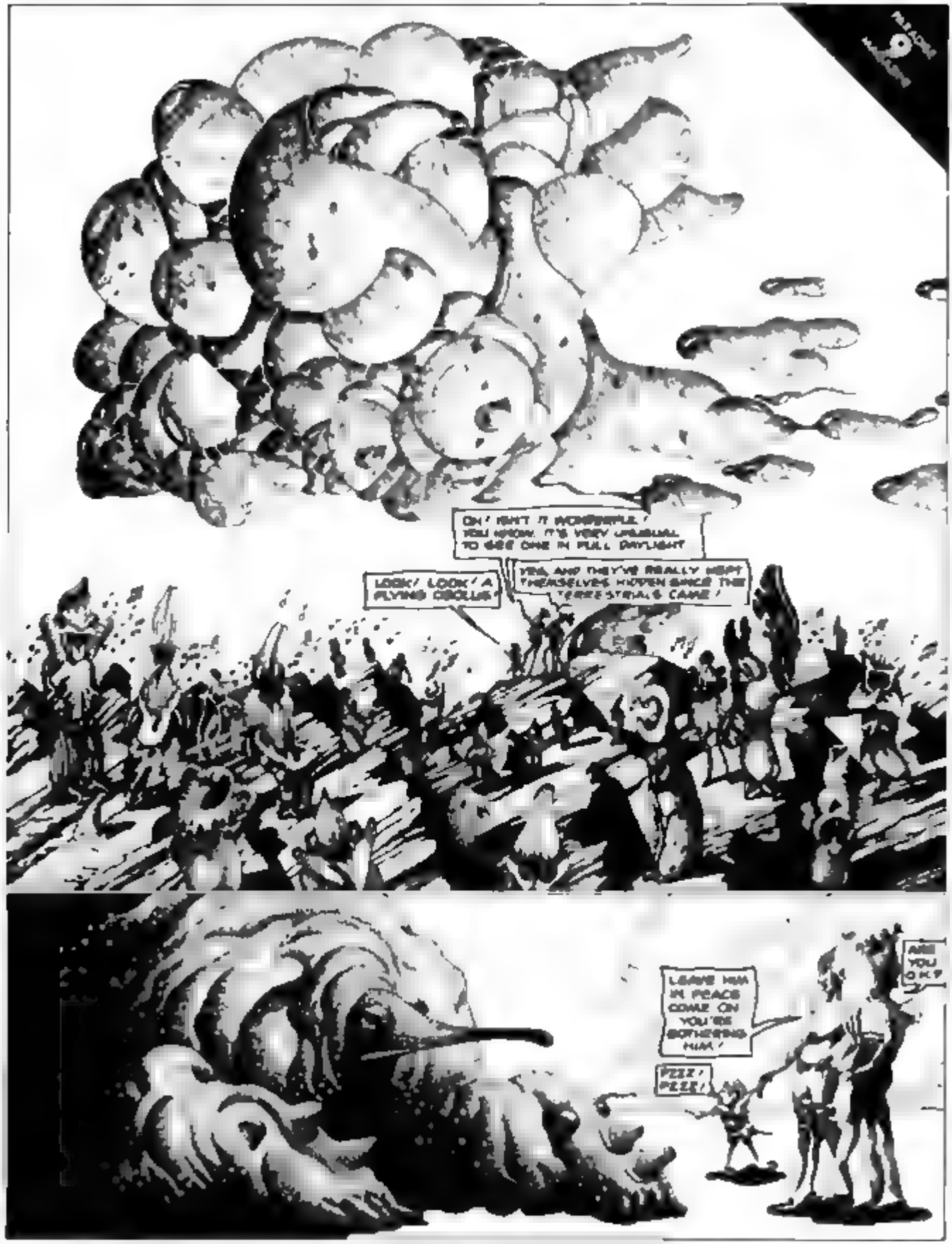
Paradise 9. Planet of total confusion or planet of total desire?

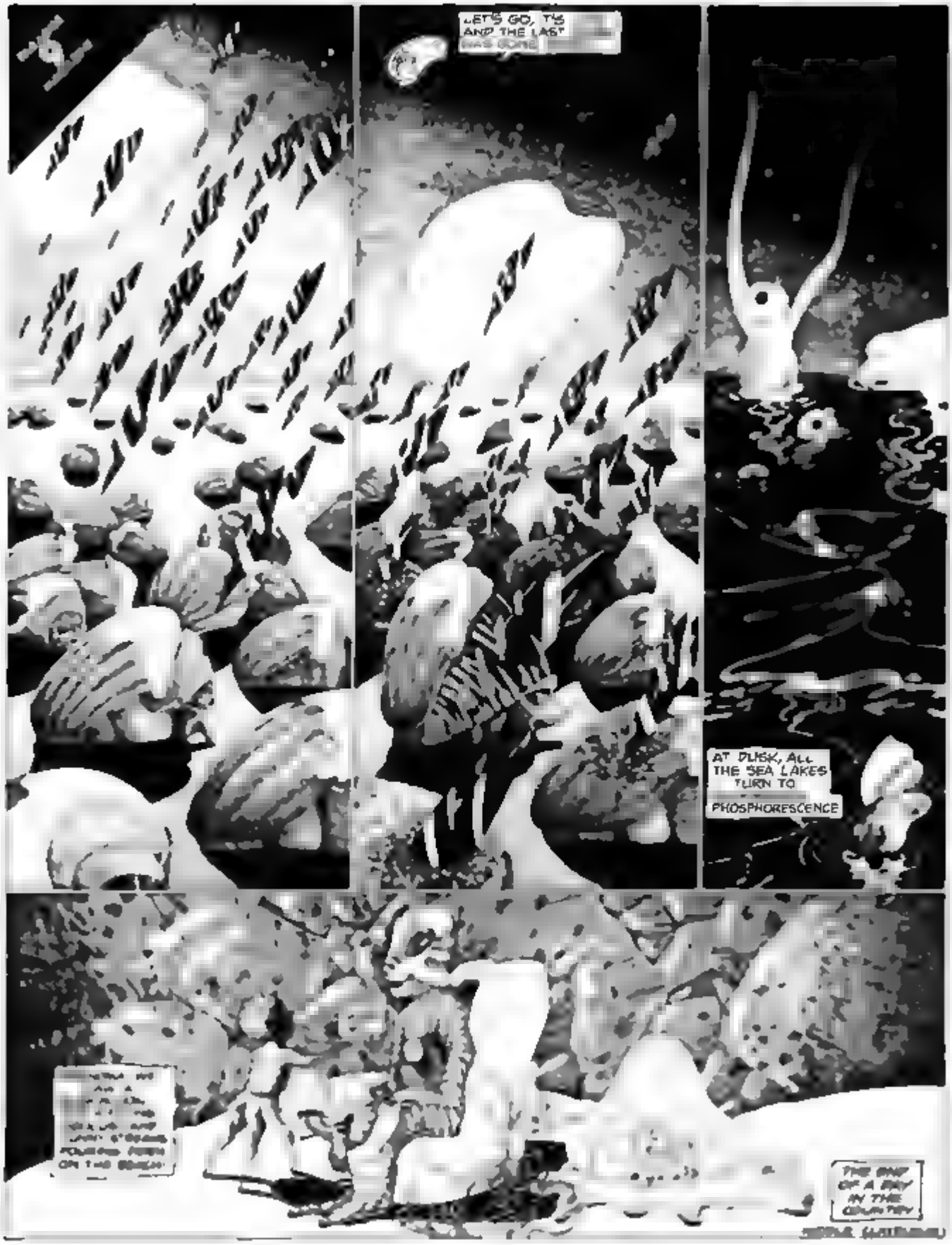
PARADISE 9 MAGAZINE
DEPARTURE
WELL, WOULDN'T YOU EXPECT US TO TAKE OFF FOR THE STARS AFTER ALL THAT SCIENCE FICTION?
WHAT A GREAT IDEA, TAKING THE STAFF OF HEAVY METAL TO PLANET 9!
ATTENTION! SATELLITE 6 NOW LEAVING FOR PARADISE 9. DEPARTURE FOR PARADISE 9. NOW LEAVING
WHAT A KILLER TRIP, MAN!
HEAVY METAL
"THERE'S FOUR PAGES OF MOEBIUS N NAT LAMP'S "FRENCH COMICS" BZZZZNNGG!
IN THE STYLE OF ANTONIUS GASTONIUS VON MOEBIUS

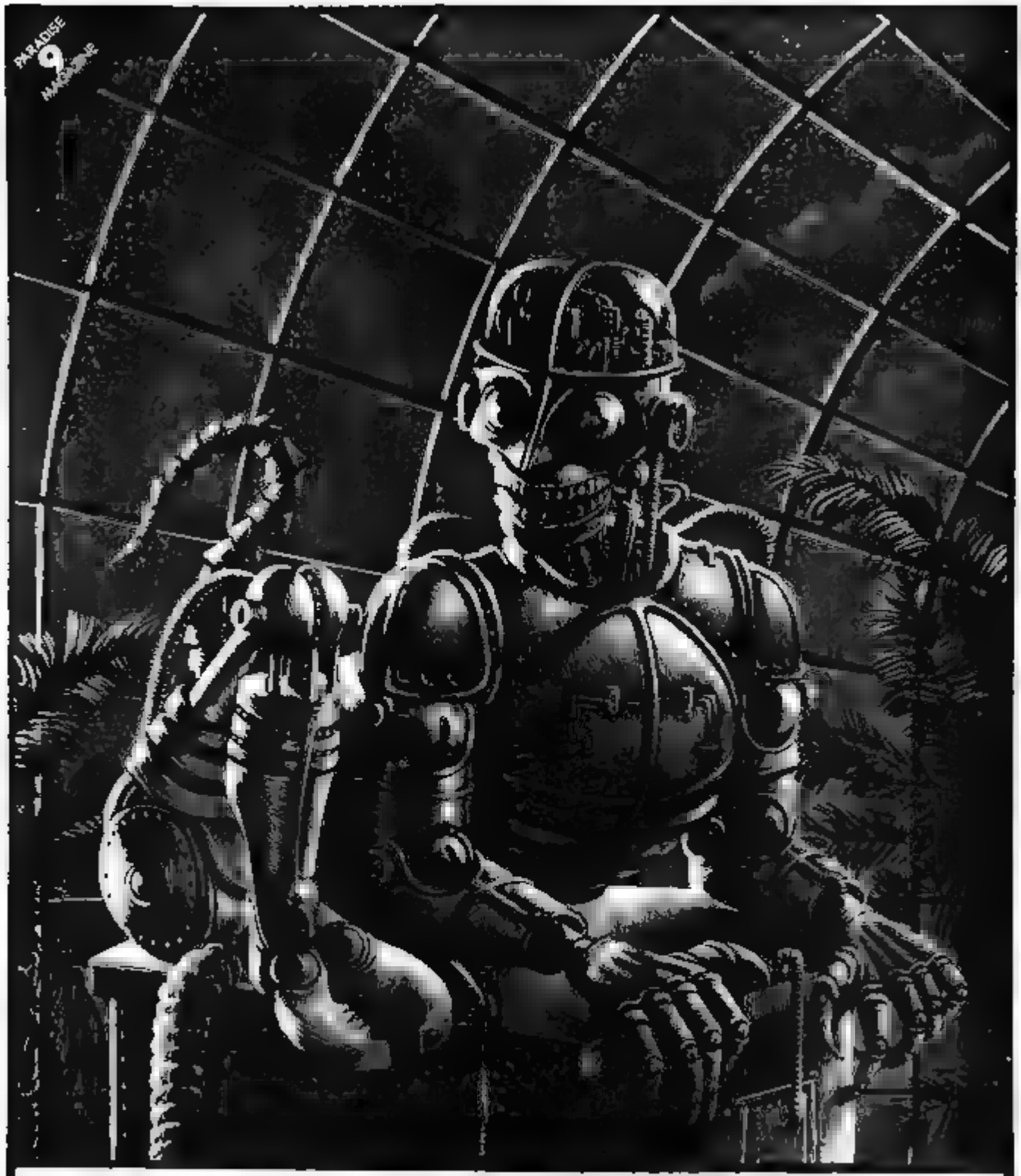

LEMON SPEED, MANDRAKE PUDDING, SKIN BOOKS, LOTUS BLUE COFFEE?
MMM.. MMM NO, THANKS! I'LL JUST HAVE A NATURAL HERB SALAD
LOOK AT THAT COMET! IT'S DISAPPEARING IN THE VEGA MASS! WE'RE THERE!
PARADISE 9! FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS AND EXTINGUISH ALL CIGARETTES WE'LL BE LANDING PRESENTLY!

ART S. MACEDO SCRIPT P MANDEVIRE

ARE WE LAUGHING?
HEY! ARE WE LAUGHING?


OH! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL! YOU KNOW, IT'S VERY UNUSUAL TO SEE ONE IN FULL DAYLIGHT
LOOK! LOOK! A FLYING CIRCUS!
YES, AND THEY'VE REALLY KEPT THEMSELVES HIDDEN SINCE THE TERRESTRIALS CAME!
LEAVE HIM IN PEACE COME ON YOU'RE BOTHERING HIM!
ARE YOU O.K.?
PZZZ! PZZZ!


LET'S GO, TS AND THE LAST [illegible]
AT DUSK, ALL THE SEA LAKES TURN TO PHOSPHORESCENCE
THE END OF A DAY IN THE COUNTRY


PARADISE 9 MAGAZINE
AEDIPIOS! ANGEL OF IRON, GRAND ARCHITECT AND PRINCIPAL OF OUR PLANET AEDIPIOS, ANGEL OF DEATH! YOUR REIGN, WHICH OUR KIND CREATOR, MAD AELOHAM (WHO PASSED ON TO YOU THE VAST DARK KNOWLEDGE BY WAY OF THE SCIENCES AND BLACK MAGIC), YOUR REIGN, WHICH YOU WISHED TO BE ETERNAL, WILL COME TO AN END AFTER 666 YEARS NO QUESTION WILL REMAIN UNANSWERED, FOR YOUR KNOWLEDGE IS LIMITLESS, BUT YOU WILL TYRANNIZE YOUR MORTAL SUBJECTS, FOR YOUR CRUELTY IS BOUNDLESS.

WITH A HEAVY YOKE YOUR PLAYTHING, YOU WILL BURDEN YOUR SERVANTS UNTIL ***CESAR MENROD*** COMES TO LIBERATE US AS LORD OF THE POOR, HE WILL RAISE HIS VENGEFUL ARM AND CREATE THE CHAOS IN WHICH YOU WILL BE SWALLOWED. AND THEN HE WILL MAKE HIMSELF MASTER OF YOUR SOVEREIGN POWER AND BRING A TIME OF PEACE AND JOY .

FROM THE SECOND CENTURY OF THE PROPHECIES OF
NEKO SHESHONK

I ALMOST LEFT MY HIDE ON *CALYPSO*. THEN I HOPPED A CARGO FLIGHT LEAVING FOR

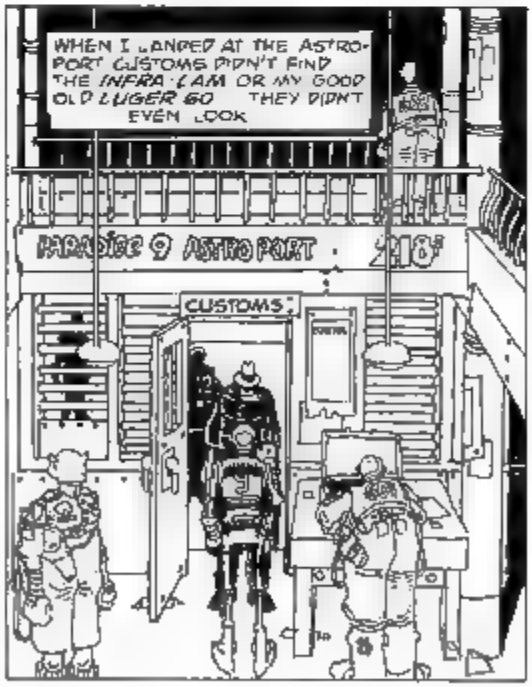
Paradise 9

ON THE WAY, I GOT MY ORDERS

SCRIPT PHIL MANOEUVRE
ART SERGE CLERC

H.M. ÉDITIONS

a Heavy Metal production

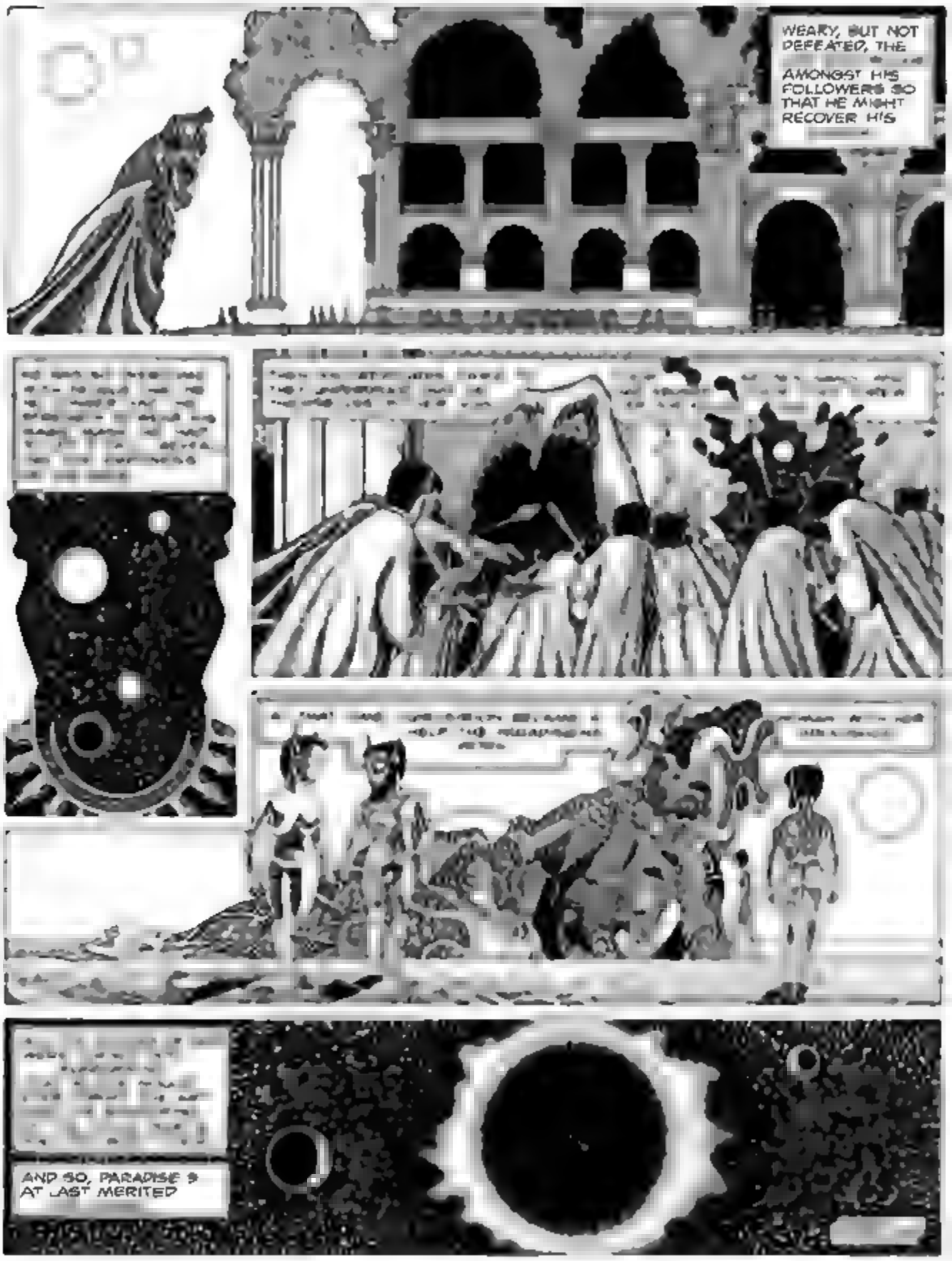

WHEN I LANDED AT THE ASTRO-PORT CUSTOMS DIDN'T FIND THE *INFRA-CAM* OR MY GOOD OLD *LUGER 60*. THEY DIDN'T EVEN LOOK
PARADISE 9 ASTROPORT
CUSTOMS

MURDER ON DENEB
DRINK Coca-Cola
THE OAKLAND BAR ON PLYMOUTH AVENUE
Glamour
I FOUND SAM CHOUKA IN HIS USUAL HANGOUT
HAMBONE
15 cents
HIYA, SAM!
WHO ARE YOU?
YOU'RE A GREAT KIDDER, SAM! THE C.C.O WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO FIND THE TWENTY-FIVE GIRLS WHO'VE DISAPPEARED ON PARADISE
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! LEAVE ME ALONE! GET LOST, BUDDY!
FOR YOUR INFORMATION AN INFRA-LAM IS AIMED RIGHT AT YOUR GUT YOU KNOW WHAT AN INFRA-LAM IS?
HE KNEW ALL RIGHT ANYWAY, HE SUDDENLY BECAME REAL COOPERATIVE
OKAY! COOL IT! I'VE ALWAYS BEEN TERRIFIED OF THOSE VICIOUS LITTLE MACHINES UMMM, I'VE GOT SOME TIPS. BUT WHY IS THE C.C.O. INTERESTED IN THOSE GIRLS?
LET'S FACE IT IT COULD LOOK BAD FOR THE REPUTATIONS OF THE TRAVEL AGENCIES.
I SEE! WELL, ALL I KNOW IS THAT
AHHH!
MY GOD! SAM!

I GOT THE BITTER WHIFF OF A COLT 45 WITH A SILENCER
AND SAM CHOUKA COLLAPSED HOWLING
A GIRL STARTED TO SCREAM
AT TIMES LIKE THAT YOU DON'T STOP TO THINK THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SECOND SLUG FOR ME
I JUMPED FOR THE EMERGENCY EXIT
...WHERE I CAME FACE TO FACE WITH THE POLLACKI POLICE! IT WAS SURELY THE FIRST TIME I SAW COPS THAT FAST
EXIT
INSPECTOR LLOYD FULLER IT SEEMS THE C.C.O. PUT YOU A LITTLE TOO MUCH AT YOUR EASE WITH THE LOCAL CUSTOMS! COME WITH US!
A FEW MINUTES LATER I FOUND MYSELF IN THE ORBIT-SATO OF THE POLLACKI ABOUT TEN MILES BELOW PARADISE 9
IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU, SINCE THERE AREN'T ANY CHARGES AGAINST ME, I'D LIKE TO LEAVE
I GUESS YOU'RE HOPING TO FIND THE ABYSS ZONE WHERE THE GIRLS DISAPPEARED
WELL, WE'LL GO WITH YOU
IT WAS HARD TO REFUSE A SPACE SHUTTLE TOOK OFF FROM THE ORBIT-SATO AND LANDED BACK ON EARTH
NICE PLACE FOR A FUNERAL
IT WAS THE ABYSS ZONE A STRANGE PLACE... ICE DESERT
WE GOT OUT.
AND THEN I BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND
BLAAAAAM
AHHHHH
MY SEARCH ENDED THERE ...THE BLOOD SPREAD OVER THE SAND
FIN

GORHAFFED

ALL HIS POWER RESIDED IN A MAGIC MASK WHICH ALLOWED HIM TO TAKE POSSESSION OF ANY INTELLIGENCE WHICH HE COULD CHARM AND THEN USE TO HIS ADVANTAGE
HE INVENTED WORK AND FORCED THE PARAPHERNS TO BUILD HIM MAGNIFICENT PALACES
THE POOR CREATURES, ENCHANTED BY THE MAGIC MASK, WERE MORE THAN WILLING TO OBLIGE, FOR THE UGLY MANAGED TO MAKE THEM BELIEVE THAT EVERYTHING THEY DID FOR HIM WOULD BE RETURNED TO THEM A HUNDREDFOLD IN ANOTHER WORLD
THEN ONE NIGHT AN OLD MAN WHO WAS WATCHING THE STARS FELL INTO A DEEP SLEEP AND OUT OF HIS FOREHEAD WAS BORN THE YOUNG GIRL WITH SIX BREASTS
TUNJSIRON
TUNJSIRON DID NOT HAVE THE POWER TO DEVELOP INTELLECTS BUT SHE DID HAVE THE POWER TO
SHE TOOK PITY ON THE POOR PARAPHERNS AND TRIED TO SHOW HIM THEY HAD BEEN DECEIVED
HEARING THE NEWS THE GIRL WITH SIX BREASTS HAD MANAGED TO DENOUNCE
WHY THE GOD HAS PARDONED THE HERE BY THROUGH THIS FIRE
HE WAS POWERFUL NOT TO SUBDUE TUNJSIRON FOR SHE POSSESSED A SPIRIT OF STONE YET HE PROVOKED HER TO A DUEL THE BATTLE LASTED MANY CENTURIES

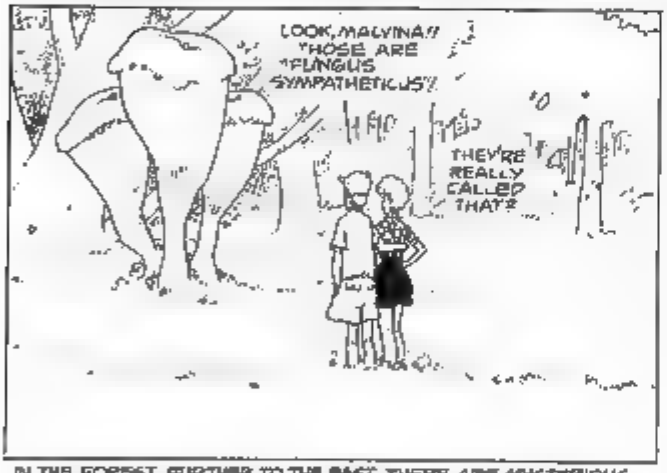

WEARY, BUT NOT DEFEATED, THE
AMONGST HIS FOLLOWERS SO THAT HE MIGHT RECOVER HIS
AND SO, PARADISE S AT LAST MERITED

THE FLORA OF PARADISE 9

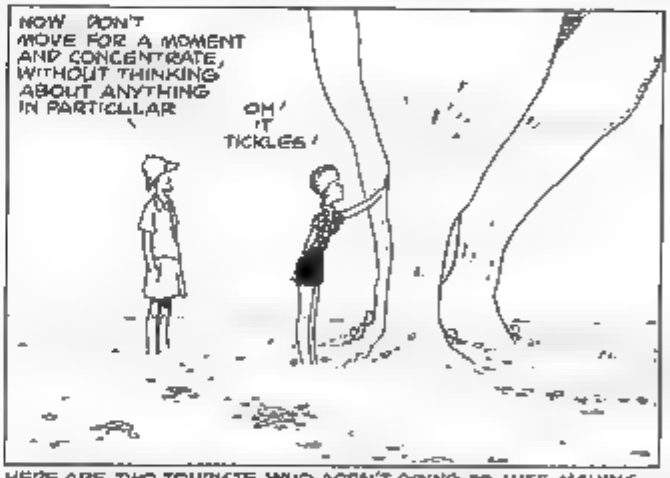
BY MOEBIUS

THE HILLS OF MAYHANI ON P 9 ARE COVERED WITH AN INFIN TE VARIETY OF FLORA TIME AFTER TIME, THE TOURISTS FERTILIZE THE GENTLY ROLLING FIELDS BY MEANS OF THEIR CONSTANT COMINGS AND GOINGS

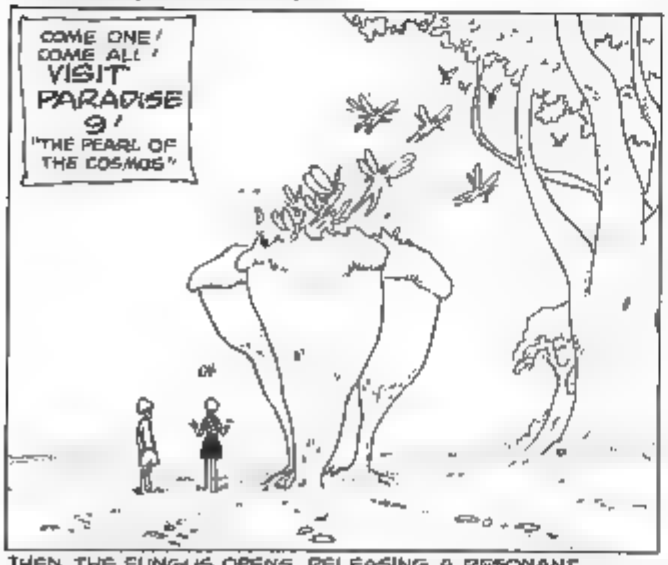
AFTER TOURISTS SMELL THE FLOWERS, THEY EXHALE THE POLLEN, THUS CREATING YET MORE SWEET-SMELLING BLOSSOMS EACH GROUP IS ENCOURAGED TO PLUCK AND SCATTER, FOR PARADISE 9 IS TRULY A PLANET OF FLOWER POWER



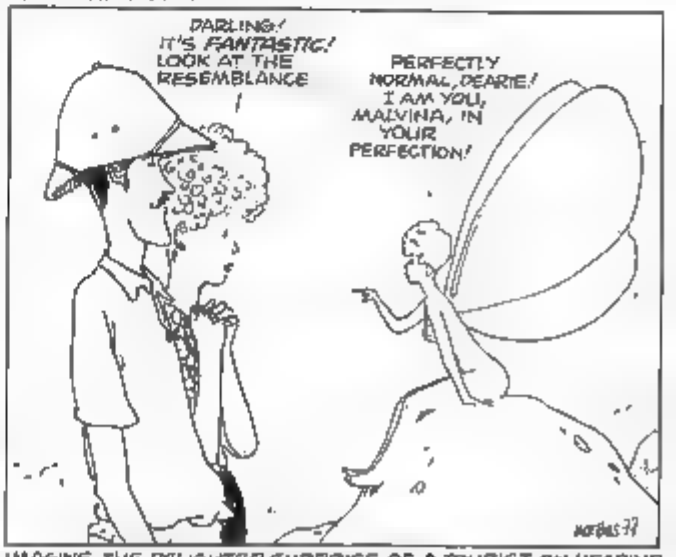
IN THE FOREST, FURTHER TO THE EAST THERE ARE MYSTERIOUS GIANT MUSHROOMS IN MY OPINION, THE GREATEST ENIGMA OF ALL THE FLORA ON PARADISE 9.



HERE ARE TWO TOURISTS WHO AREN'T GOING TO MISS MAKING USE OF THE MARVELOUS POWER OF THESE FINE SPECIMEN OF PARADISIEN FAUNA



THEN, THE FUNGUS OPENS, RELEASING A RESONANT, COLORED CLOUD THE "EPHEMERALS" OF PARADISE 9. THEY MELT INTO THE NEARBY FOREST

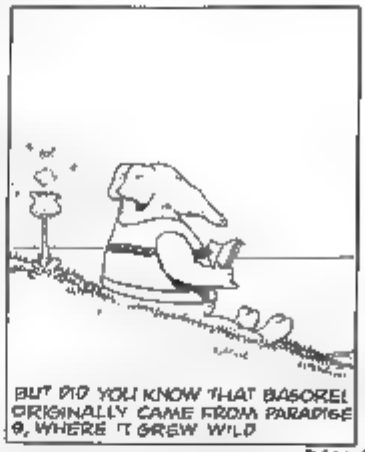


IMAGINE THE DELIGHTED SURPRISE OF A TOURIST ON HEARING THE PRATTLE OF THESE DELICATE, IMPERTINENT CREATURES

PARADISE NINE'S STRANGE FLOWERS

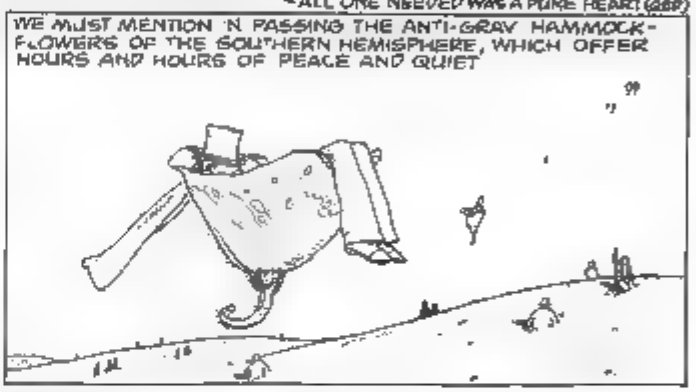
CONTINUATION

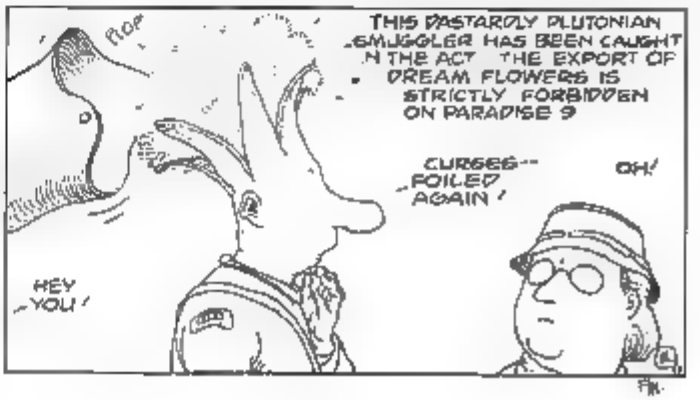
THAT'S IT! I CAN FEEL THE GREAT BLUENESS TAKING OVER MY HEAD
YOU'VE ALL SMOKED BASOREL AT LEAST ONCE IN YOUR LIVES. (IF NOT, TRY SOME)



*ALL ONE NEEDED WAS A PURE HEART (see)

ANOTHER RARITY PECULIAR TO THE MAYHAN REGION: THE "LASER BLOSSOM"
ISN'T IT PRETTY, MRS POTHERINGTON THOMAS?*
ACCORDING TO THE RULES, IT'S TIME TO WATER IT NOW
WELL DONE!
* TOURISTS WHO WISH TO DO SO CAN LINGER IN THE FOYER AND TAKE PART IN THE CULTIVATION OF THE "LASER BLOSSOM"


WE MUST MENTION IN PASSING THE ANTI-GRAV HAMMOCK-FLOWERS OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE, WHICH OFFER HOURS AND HOURS OF PEACE AND QUIET


ROP
THIS DASTARDLY PLUTONIAN SMUGGLER HAS BEEN CAUGHT IN THE ACT THE EXPORT OF DREAM FLOWERS IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN ON PARADISE 9
CURSES-- FOILED AGAIN!
OH!
HEY YOU!

FIN.

Pic snapped on Paradise 9. The arrival of Miss Zodiac and her robot companion Marie weren't they surprised by our HEAVY METAL shutterbug!!

PARADISE 9 MAGAZINE

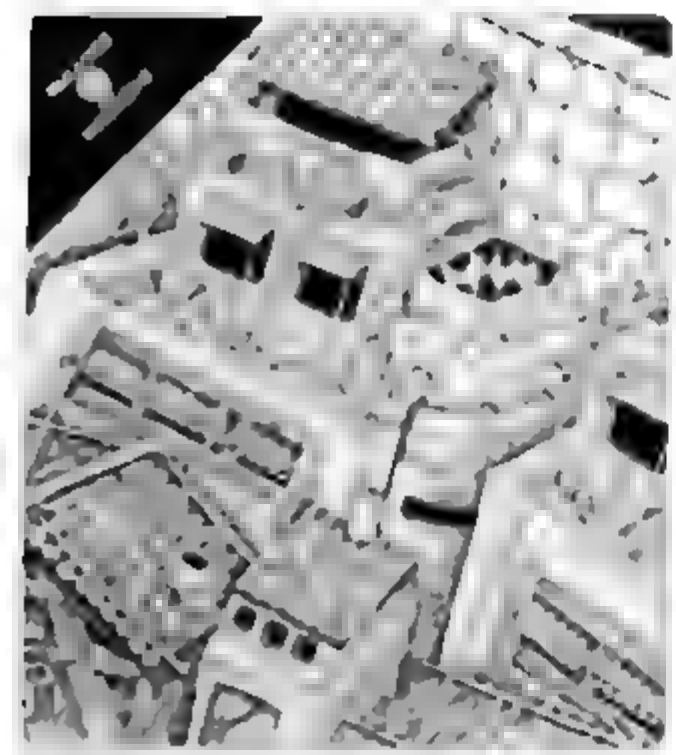
Published simultaneously in the United States by HM Communications, Inc. and in France by L. F. Editions, in cooperation with the Public Relations branch of the INIourist Bureau. Paradise 9 Promotional and other considerations paid for by Par-Nine Spaceways Corp.

It was all Jean-Pierre's idea, really. On one of his weekly visits to New York (he travels back and forth across the Atlantic free, disguised as David Frost's attaché case), he suggested that all of us Statesiders — Val, Julie, Susan, John, Akbar, Ed, and yours truly — accompany him and his fellow humanoids on a "perk," an all-expense paid round trip to Paradise 9, home planet of regular *Metal Hurlant* contributor Zha.

When you've been in the magazine game as long as I have, you find most press junkets more than a little tedious, but in the interests of Franco-American relations — not to mention good gravy — we agreed. Then, at the last minute, I remembered a National Hockey League Board of Governors meeting I'd promised to attend in Toronto right in the middle of the Paradise 9 expedition. (The whole question of drafting free-agent extra-terrestrials had to be ironed out, and fast.) Reluctantly, I bowed out. never did get to go on the trip, and so I'm as puzzled as you are by the seemingly contradictory reports brought back by the team. The "new journalism," I guess you'd call it.

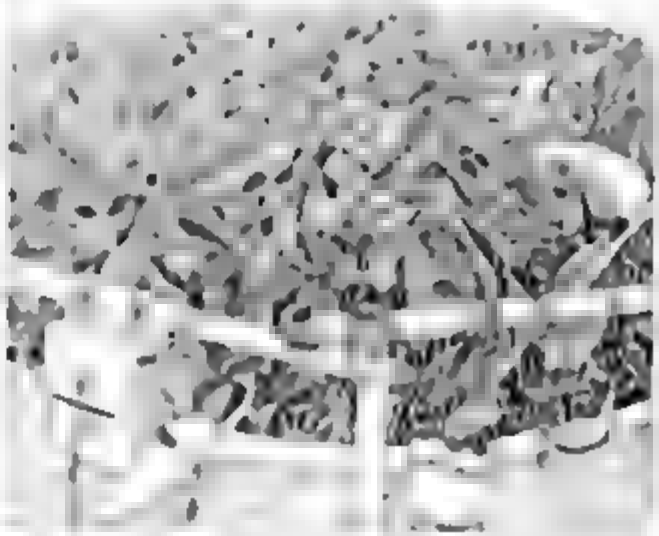
Akbar, John,and Ed won't talk about what happened up there at all. Julie, Val, and Susan stayed

OAL
AT THE HEART OF PARADISE IX LIES A JUNGLE FULL OF BOUNDLESS SURPRISES (HERE WE SEE THE RUINS OF SUFILIOULUMA)



THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, AS TOLD BY BAGHAR IT BEGINS ON AUGUST 12, 282, FOR [illegible] DAY AT DAWN, BAGHAR DECIDED TO WRITE IT

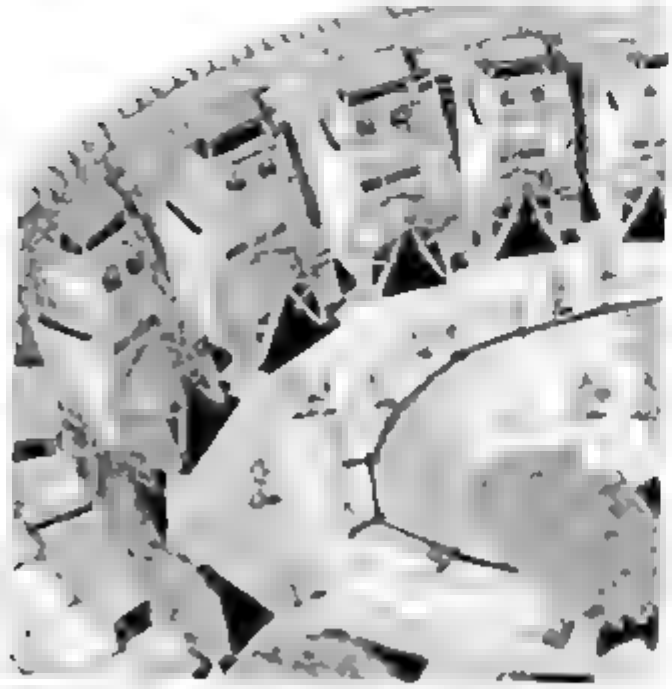
...WHICH IS IMPOSSIBLE, AS THERE IS NOTHING [illegible]



IT WAS VERY SERIOUS. EVERYONE LIKED HIM VERY MUCH HERE, BUT YOU CAN'T LET THAT KIND OF IDEA GET AROUND AT THE CENTER

THEY ARE PLANTED EVERY TWO HOURS. THE TIME IT TAKES THE CROP TO GROW.

ALL THE DOORS AND ALL THE WINDOWS FACE ON TO THE FIELD. IN EACH HOUSE, THE OUTSIDE WALL IS PART OF THE EXTERIOR CIRCULAR RAMPART



MY PARENTS ARE [illegible] IN THE HUT TO THE RIGHT OF THEIRS. LIVE IN THE HUT TO THE RIGHT OF THEM, AND SO ON UNTIL MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S GRANDSON, WHO HASN'T BEEN AROUND FOR A VERY LONG TIME

THERE ARE 128 PEOPLE IN THE VILLAGE AND I AM THE [illegible] TO TELL THE [illegible] OF TELLING ITS HISTORY. ACTUALLY, I DON'T HAVE MUCH TO SAY, FOR NO ONE WANTS TO KNOW. EVERYONE HERE REFUSES TO TALK OF THE PAST, SO I'LL BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING WHEN THE TOWN WAS BORN AT THE TIME OF MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER GEORGE

Saiful
Saiful!

9661

DEER FRENZ, KUD THIZ BE THU ENDUV BARADYS 9 ?
EVER ZINZ THU ERTHLINZ BIN WOGIN ROWN ON AR DEER BLANED
THANKZ DU THU FAYMUZ JEENYUZUZ MAZDERZN JAWNZUN, THAYY HELBDUZ DIZGUVER THU THRILL-ZU MAZDER-BAYZUN
PARADISE 9 MAGAZINE
NO
THRU THU ZENDTURERZ, THIZ BRAGGIZ HAZ ZBRED TO THU BOINDOV EGGSGLUDIN EVERTHN
ELZ WUNZ. THER WUR 250,000,000 BARADEEZJUNZ ANOW, ZINZ
THU DETHU ILK. THERZ ONLEE FIVE LEYT.
Z..
DEER FRENZ
THERZ NOWAY AROUN ID
THIZ IZ ZEERYUZ!
?
!
* TO BE EXACT, 7683 YEARS AND THREE MONTHS BETWEEN THIS SCENE IN 9661 AND THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE EARTHLINGS IN 1978

PARADISE 9

A BRIEF HISTORY OF ITS NATIVES

When the first flying object arrived from Earth

frozen with fear we were

WE ARE NOT ALONE!

But they were peaceful souls, those first earthlings, and spent their time in worship of the Great Guru

Then the travel agents of earth got busy

EXOTIC!
EROTIC!
CHEAP!

CLUB PARADIS

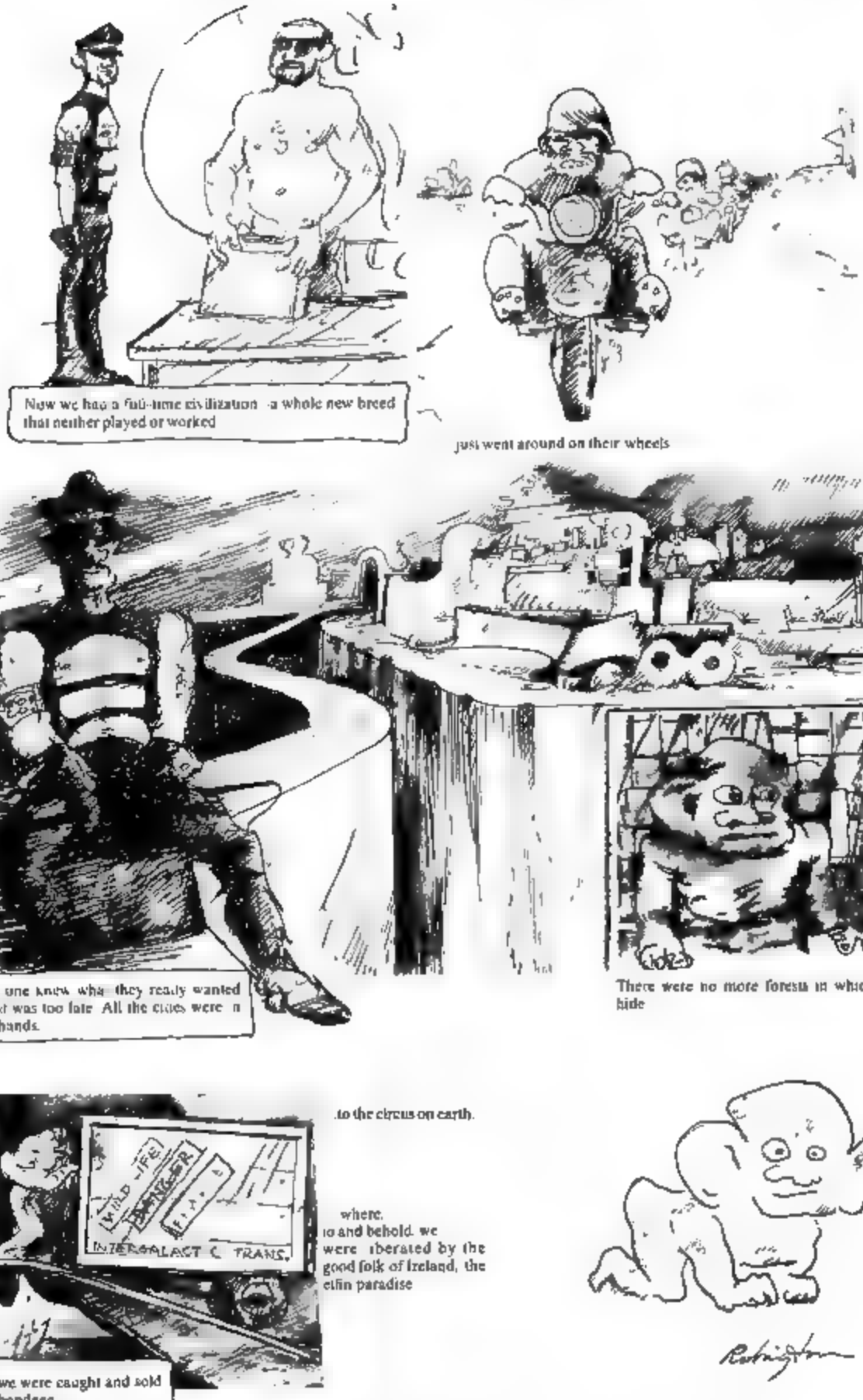
and a new type appeared –

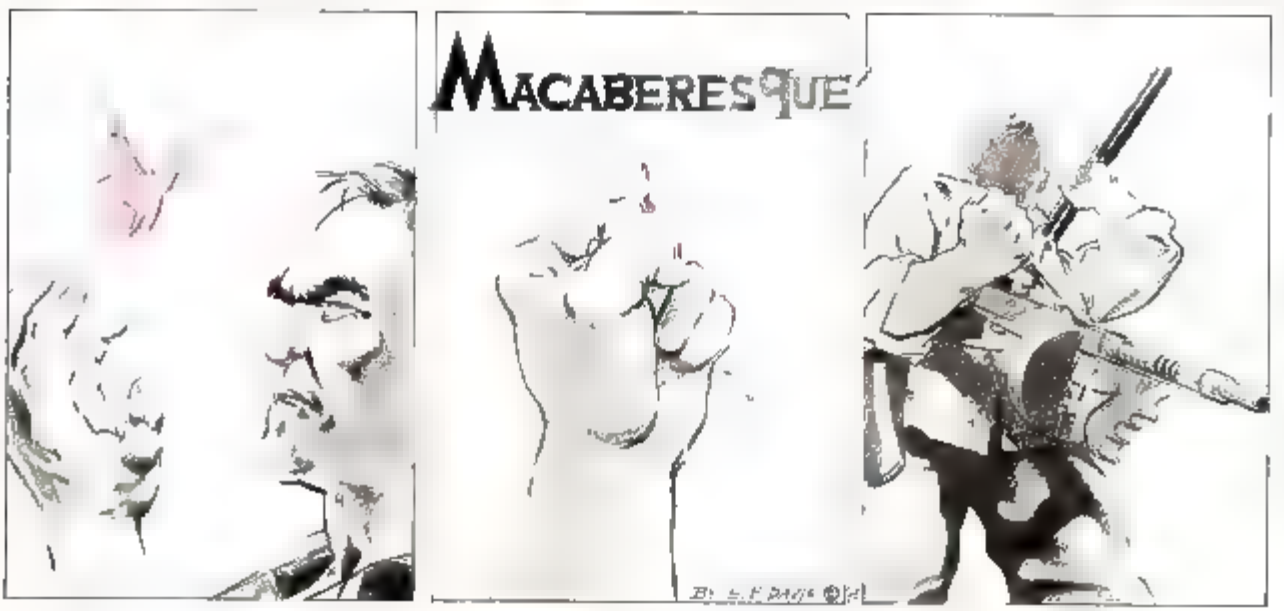
LOOK! MUTANTS!

– sporty but harmless.

Everything changed when the experts arrived.

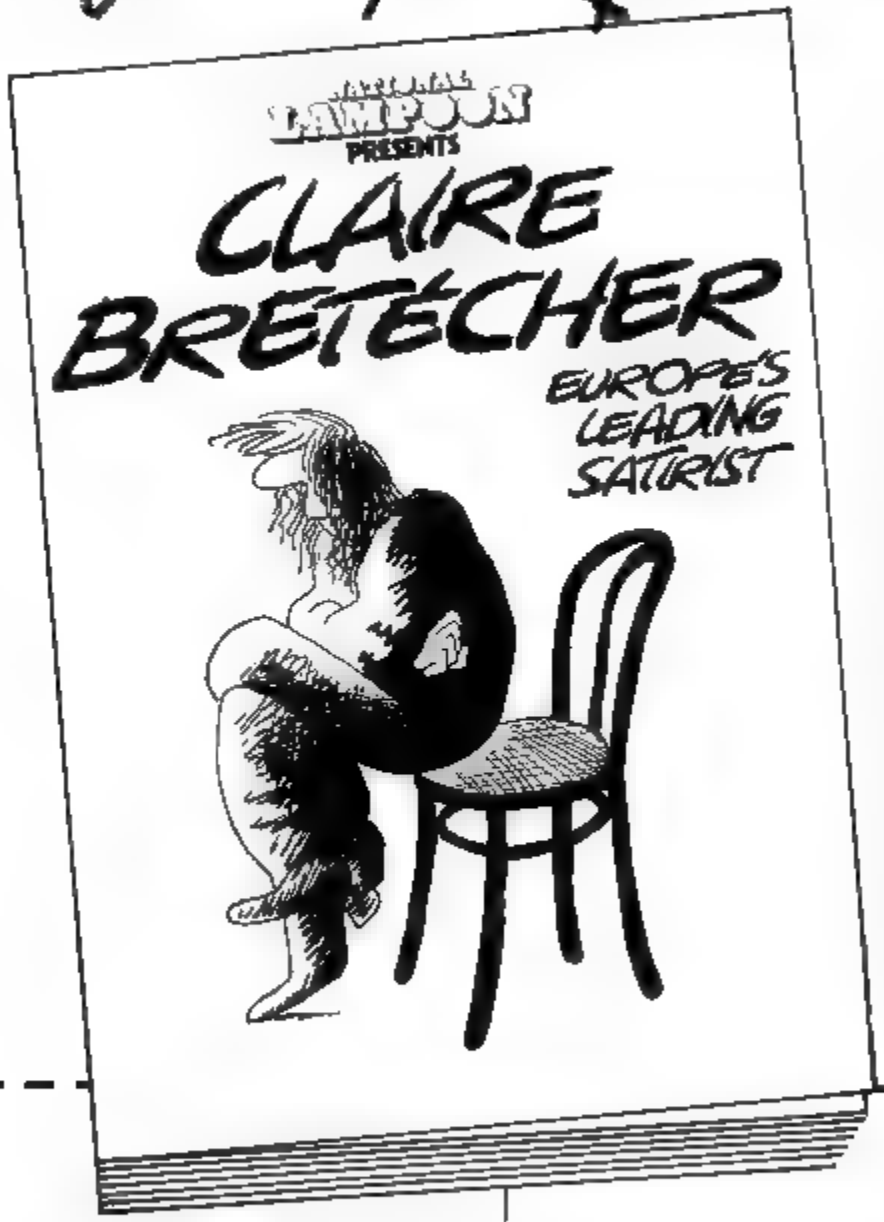
They taught us the value of land and how to earn money to pay for it.


Now we had a full-time civilization -a whole new breed that neither played or worked
just went around on their wheels
So no one knew what they really wanted until it was too late All the cities were in their hands.
There were no more forests in which to hide
WILD LIFE
DANGER
INTERGALACT C TRANS.
So, we were caught and sold into bondage
to the circus on earth.
where.
lo and behold we were liberated by the good folk of Ireland, the elfin paradise


MACABERESQUE

FRESH
REDS
TODAY

Claire Bretécher is a funny ~~lady~~ ~~woman~~ person!



The *National Lampoon*...

the world's most widely read adult humor magazine presents a collection of the very best cartoons, comics, and satire of Claire Bretécher.

The funniest, most devilishly clever, and most popular cartoon-satirist in Europe today is Claire Bretécher, the rapier-like artist whose look at the middle class male—his life, and his pursuit of the opposite sex—has also made her one of the continent's most admired feminists. You'll delight in her jabs at contemporary life especially when you suddenly realize that it's you—and me—she's teasing. This first American book by Bretécher is a collection of full-color and black-and-white cartoons and comics, extracted from four enormously popular books already published in France. It has been translated by *National Lampoon* editors and presented in this country by that magazine. The Bretécher book will be available only in select bookstores, and may be purchased now through this advertisement for $5.95, plus a small postage and handling charge.

National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

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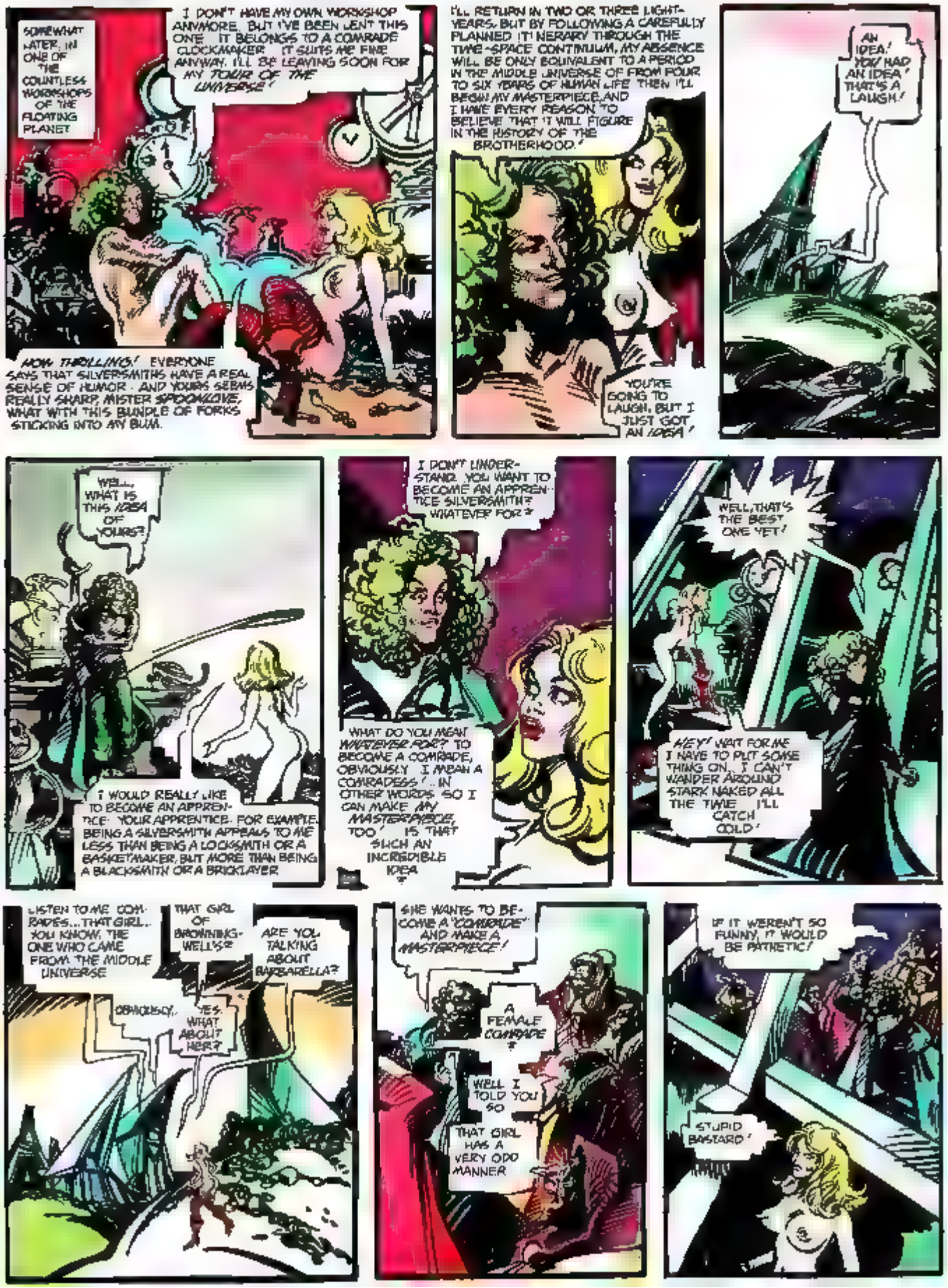
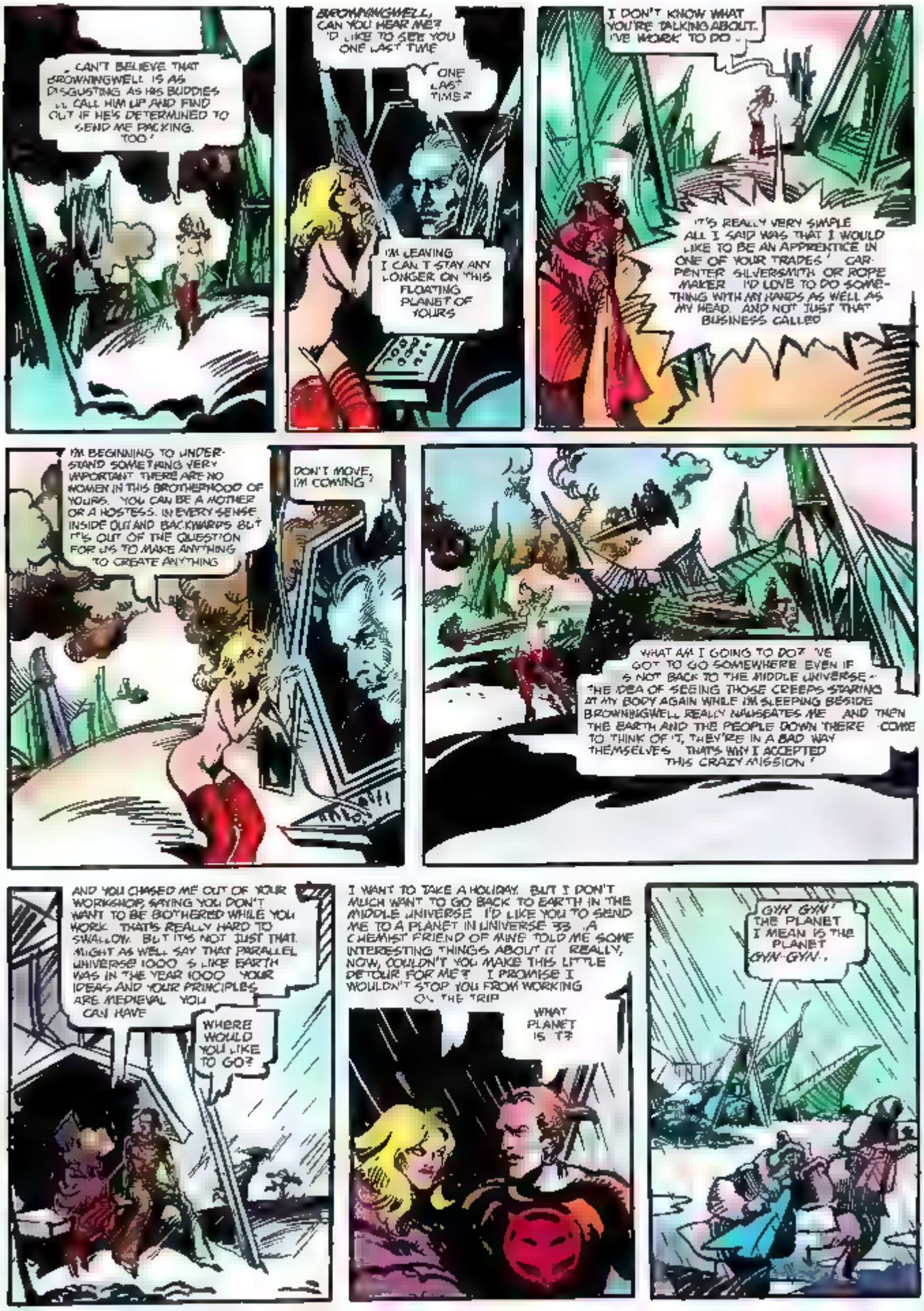
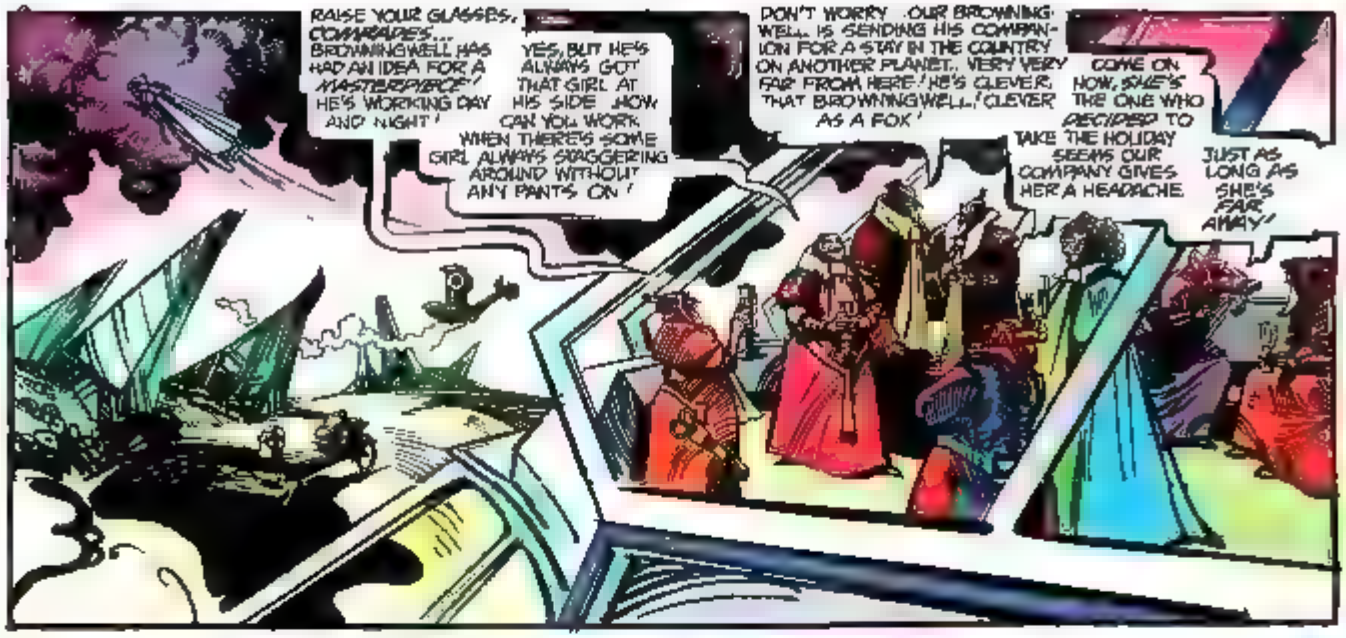
BARBARELLA


SOMEWHAT LATER, IN ONE OF THE COUNTLESS WORKSHOPS OF THE FLOATING PLANET
I DON'T HAVE MY OWN WORKSHOP ANYMORE. BUT I'VE BEEN LENT THIS ONE. IT BELONGS TO A COMRADE CLOCKMAKER. IT SUITS ME FINE ANYWAY. I'LL BE LEAVING SOON FOR MY TOUR OF THE UNIVERSE!
HOW THRILLING! EVERYONE SAYS THAT SILVERSMITHS HAVE A REAL SENSE OF HUMOR. AND YOURS SEEMS REALLY SHARP, MISTER SPOONLOVE, WHAT WITH THIS BUNDLE OF FORKS STICKING INTO MY BUM.
I'LL RETURN IN TWO OR THREE LIGHT-YEARS, BUT BY FOLLOWING A CAREFULLY PLANNED ITINERARY THROUGH THE TIME-SPACE CONTINUUM, MY ABSENCE WILL BE ONLY EQUIVALENT TO A PERIOD IN THE MIDDLE UNIVERSE OF FROM FOUR TO SIX YEARS OF HUMAN LIFE. THEN I'LL BEGIN MY MASTERPIECE, AND I HAVE EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE THAT IT WILL FIGURE IN THE HISTORY OF THE BROTHERHOOD.
YOU'RE GOING TO LAUGH, BUT I JUST GOT AN IDEA!
AN IDEA! YOU HAD AN IDEA! THAT'S A LAUGH!
WELL... WHAT IS THIS IDEA OF YOURS?
I WOULD REALLY LIKE TO BECOME AN APPRENTICE. YOUR APPRENTICE. FOR EXAMPLE. BEING A SILVERSMITH APPEALS TO ME LESS THAN BEING A LOCKSMITH OR A BASKETMAKER, BUT MORE THAN BEING A BLACKSMITH OR A BRICKLAYER.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. YOU WANT TO BECOME AN APPRENTICE SILVERSMITH? WHATEVER FOR?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHATEVER FOR?? TO BECOME A COMRADE, OBVIOUSLY. I MEAN A COMRADESS!.. IN OTHER WORDS SO I CAN MAKE MY MASTERPIECE, TOO! IS THAT SUCH AN INCREDIBLE IDEA?
WELL, THAT'S THE BEST ONE YET!
HEY! WAIT FOR ME. I HAVE TO PUT SOME THING ON.. I CAN'T WANDER AROUND STARK NAKED ALL THE TIME... I'LL CATCH COLD!
LISTEN TO ME, COMRADES... THAT GIRL.. YOU KNOW, THE ONE WHO CAME FROM THE MIDDLE UNIVERSE
OBVIOUSLY..
THAT GIRL OF BROWNING-WELLS?
YES. WHAT ABOUT HER?
ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT BARBARELLA?
SHE WANTS TO BECOME A "COMRADE" AND MAKE A MASTERPIECE!
A FEMALE COMRADE?
WELL I TOLD YOU SO
THAT GIRL HAS A VERY ODD MANNER
IF IT WEREN'T SO FUNNY, IT WOULD BE PATHETIC!
STUPID BASTARD!


I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT BROWNINGWELL IS AS DISGUSTING AS HIS BUDDIES ... I'LL CALL HIM UP AND FIND OUT IF HE'S DETERMINED TO SEND ME PACKING, TOO!
BROWNINGWELL, CAN YOU HEAR ME? I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU ONE LAST TIME
ONE LAST TIME?
I'M LEAVING I CAN'T STAY ANY LONGER ON THIS FLOATING PLANET OF YOURS
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. I'VE WORK TO DO ..
IT'S REALLY VERY SIMPLE ALL I SAID WAS THAT I WOULD LIKE TO BE AN APPRENTICE IN ONE OF YOUR TRADES ' CARPENTER SILVERSMITH OR ROPE MAKER I'D LOVE TO DO SOMETHING WITH MY HANDS AS WELL AS MY HEAD. AND NOT JUST THAT BUSINESS CALLED
I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT THERE ARE NO WOMEN IN THIS BROTHERHOOD OF YOURS. YOU CAN BE A MOTHER OR A HOSTESS. IN EVERY SENSE INSIDE OUT AND BACKWARDS BUT IT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION FOR US TO MAKE ANYTHING TO CREATE ANYTHING
DON'T MOVE, I'M COMING!
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? I'VE GOT TO GO SOMEWHERE EVEN IF IS NOT BACK TO THE MIDDLE UNIVERSE - THE IDEA OF SEEING THOSE CREEPS STARING AT MY BODY AGAIN WHILE I'M SLEEPING BESIDE BROWNINGWELL REALLY NAUSEATES ME AND THEN THE EARTH AND THE PEOPLE DOWN THERE COME TO THINK OF IT, THEY'RE IN A BAD WAY THEMSELVES THAT'S WHY I ACCEPTED THIS CRAZY MISSION '
AND YOU CHASED ME OUT OF YOUR WORKSHOP, SAYING YOU DON'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED WHILE YOU WORK THAT'S REALLY HARD TO SWALLOW. BUT IT'S NOT JUST THAT. MIGHT AS WELL SAY THAT PARALLEL UNIVERSE 1000 IS LIKE EARTH WAS IN THE YEAR 1000 YOUR IDEAS AND YOUR PRINCIPLES ARE MEDIEVAL YOU CAN HAVE
WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO?
I WANT TO TAKE A HOLIDAY. BUT I DON'T MUCH WANT TO GO BACK TO EARTH IN THE MIDDLE UNIVERSE I'D LIKE YOU TO SEND ME TO A PLANET IN UNIVERSE 33 . A CHEMIST FRIEND OF MINE TOLD ME SOME INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT IT REALLY, NOW, COULDN'T YOU MAKE THIS LITTLE DETOUR FOR ME? I PROMISE I WOULDN'T STOP YOU FROM WORKING ON THE TRIP
WHAT PLANET IS IT?
GYN GYN! THE PLANET I MEAN IS THE PLANET GYN-GYN .

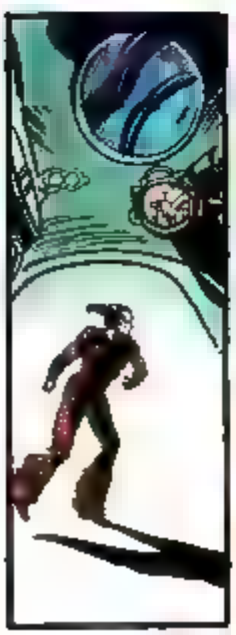

RAISE YOUR GLASSES, COMRADES... BROWNINGWELL HAS HAD AN IDEA FOR A MASTERPIECE! HE'S WORKING DAY AND NIGHT!
YES, BUT HE'S ALWAYS GOT THAT GIRL AT HIS SIDE. HOW CAN YOU WORK WHEN THERE'S SOME GIRL ALWAYS STAGGERING AROUND WITHOUT ANY PANTS ON!
DON'T WORRY. OUR BROWNINGWELL IS SENDING HIS COMPANION FOR A STAY IN THE COUNTRY ON ANOTHER PLANET.. VERY VERY FAR FROM HERE! HE'S CLEVER, THAT BROWNINGWELL! CLEVER AS A FOX!
COME ON NOW, SHE'S THE ONE WHO DECIDED TO TAKE THE HOLIDAY SEEMS OUR COMPANY GIVES HER A HEADACHE
JUST AS LONG AS SHE'S FAR AWAY!

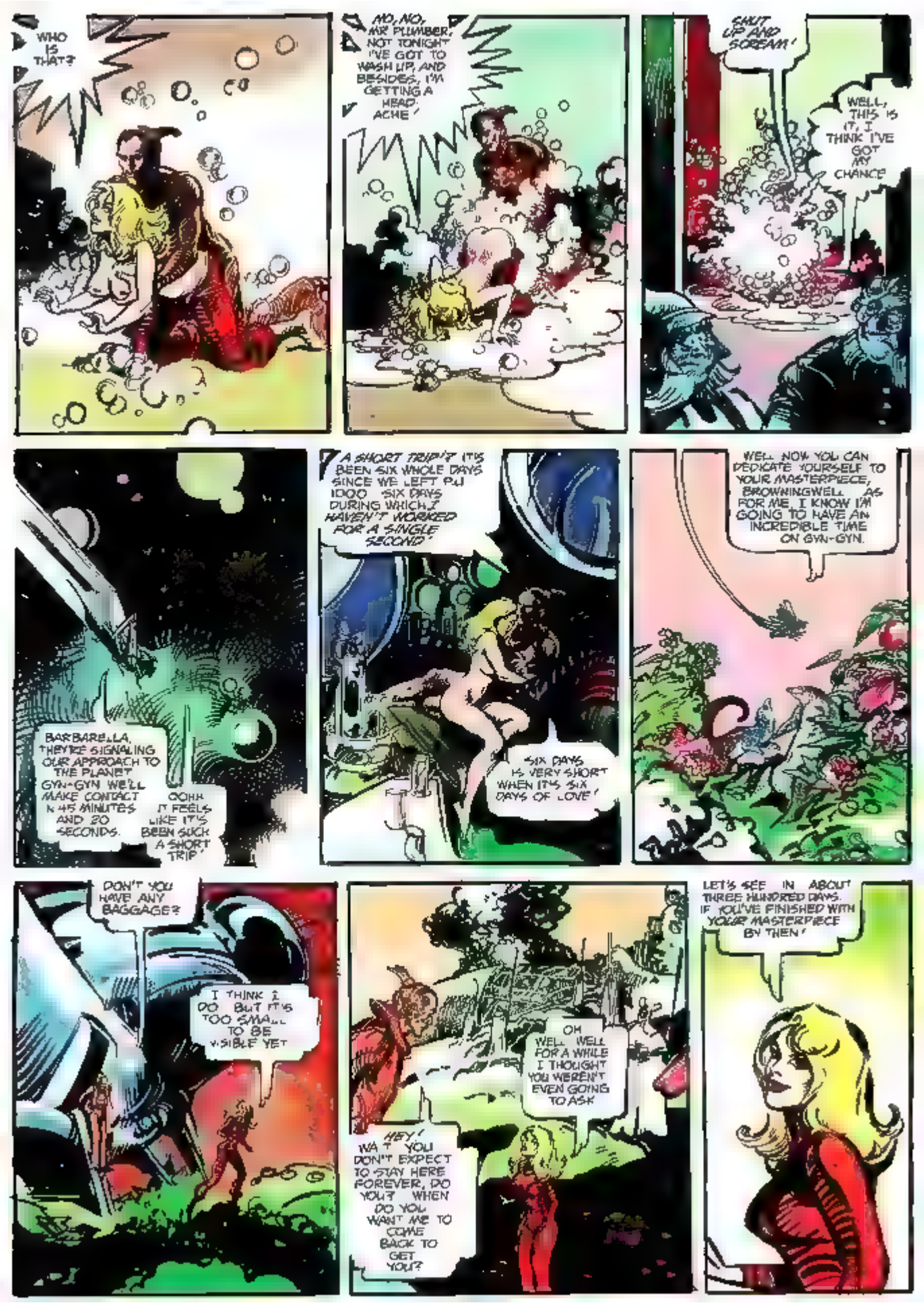
HEADING FOR GYM-GYM

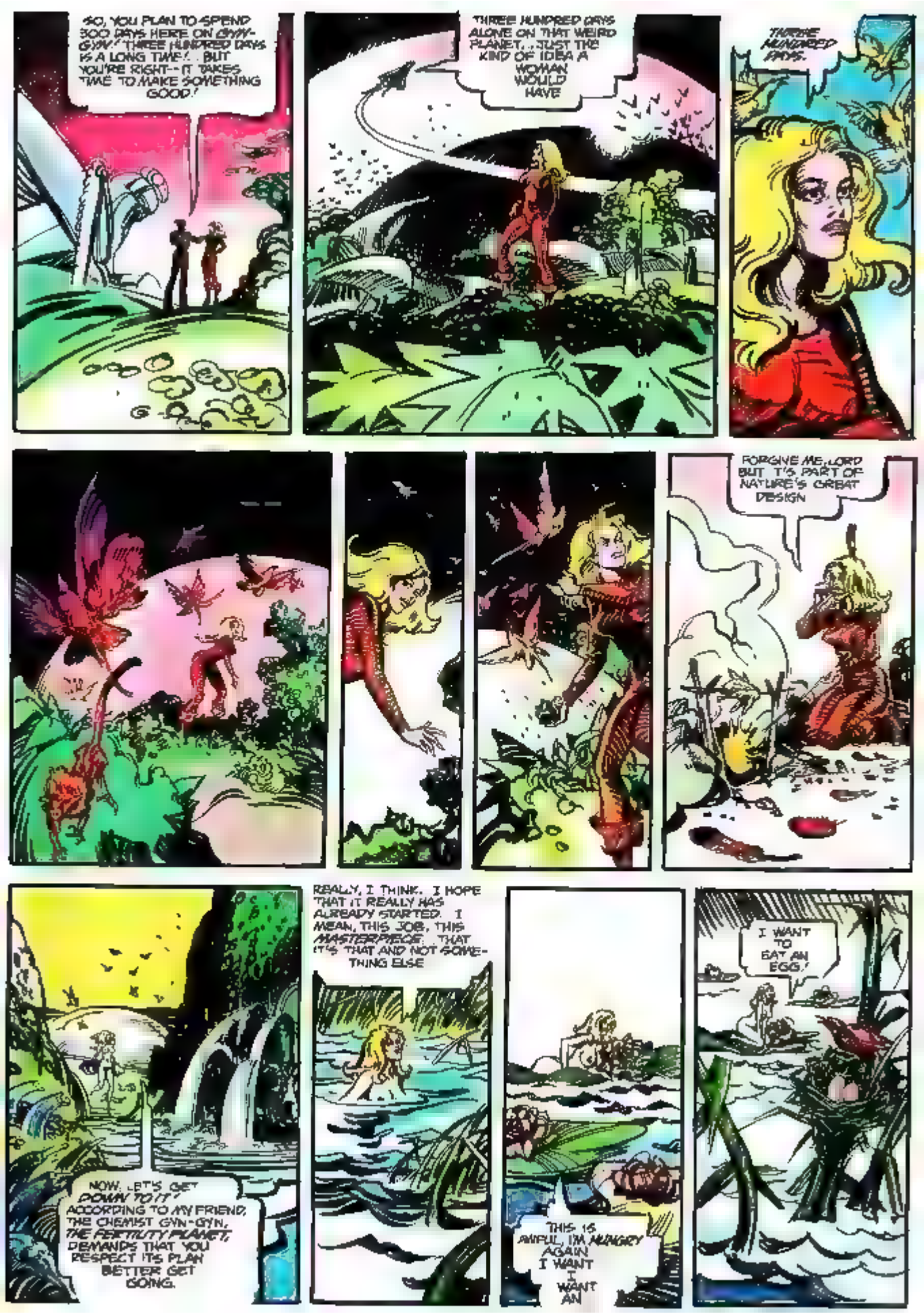
WHAT IS THAT YOU'RE DOING?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. YOU HAVE YOUR WORK TO DO, AND NOTHING SHOULD DISTRACT YOU. WHEN I THINK OF THE OLD DAYS OF THE TIME THAT I MADE YOU WASTE IT'S JUST AWFUL!

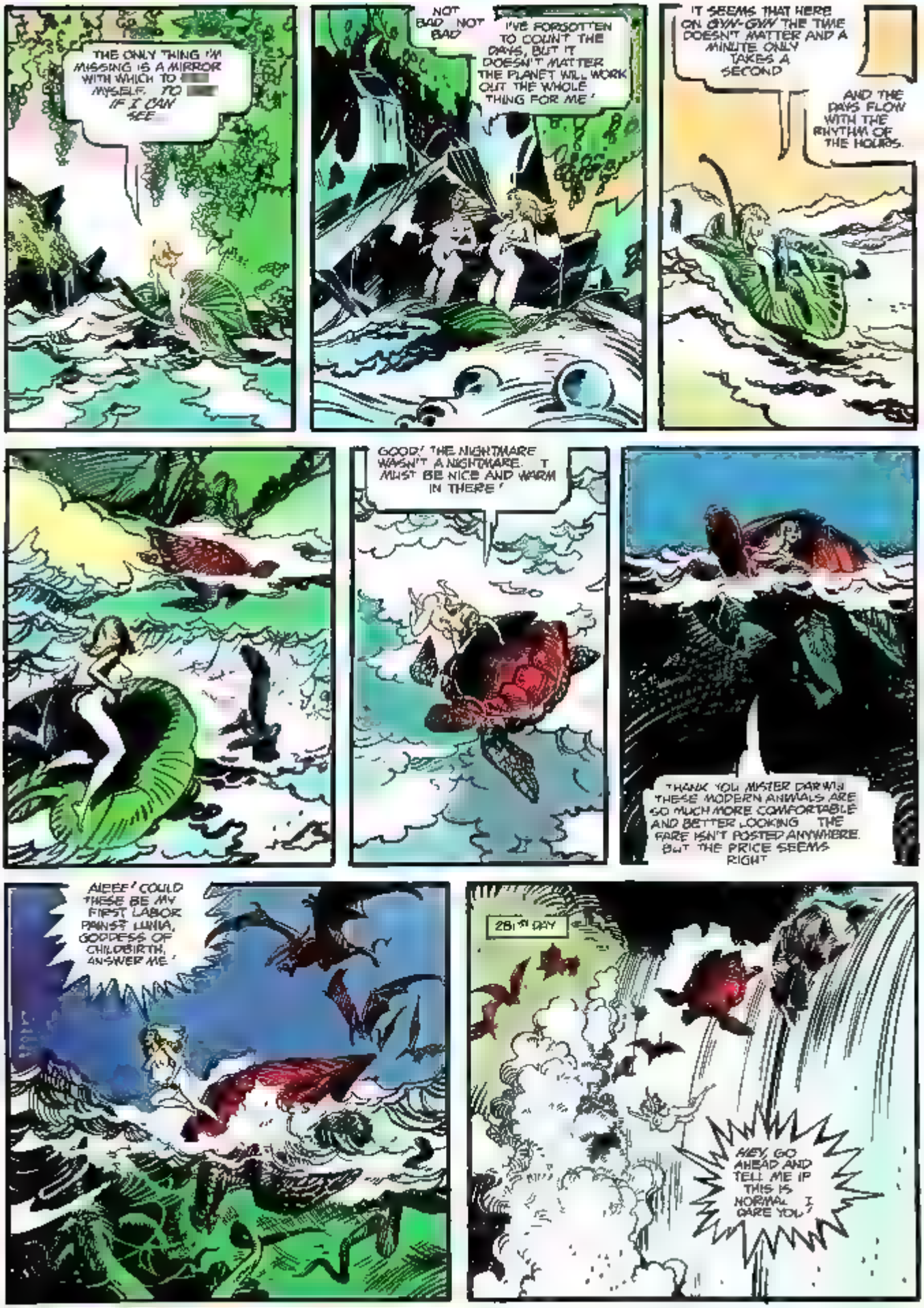
SHE CAN BE SO PROVOKING!

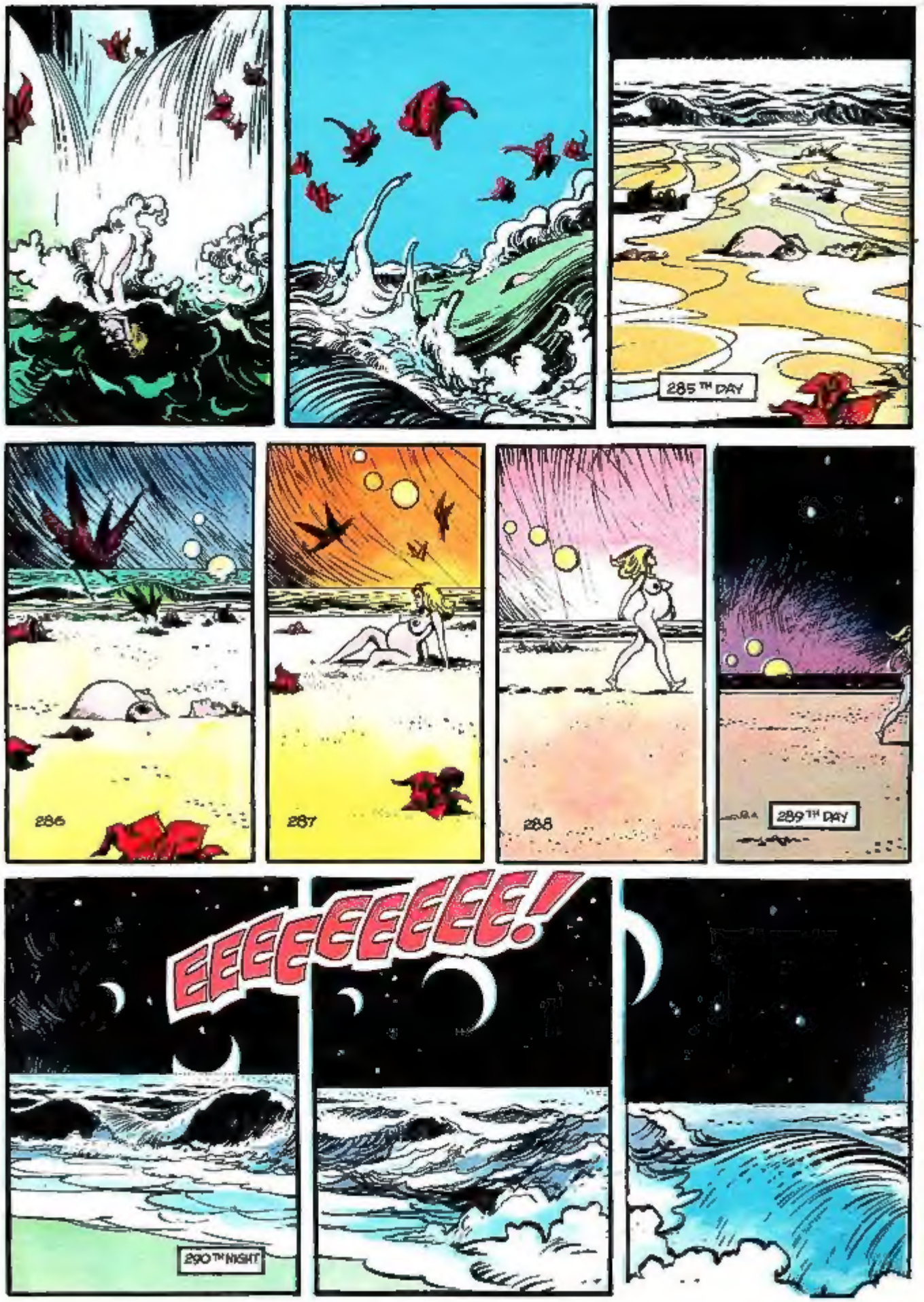
GOOD! SHE'S SO WORKED UP, SHE HAS TO TAKE HER JACKET OFF! GOOD LORD, WHAT'S SHE UP TO NOW?




WHO IS THAT?
NO, NO, MR PLUMBER. NOT TONIGHT I'VE GOT TO WASH UP, AND BESIDES, I'M GETTING A HEAD-ACHE!
SHUT UP AND SCREAM!
WELL, THIS IS IT, I THINK I'VE GOT MY CHANCE
BARBARELLA, THEY'RE SIGNALING OUR APPROACH TO THE PLANET GYN-GYN. WE'LL MAKE CONTACT IN 45 MINUTES AND 20 SECONDS.
OOHH IT FEELS LIKE IT'S BEEN SUCH A SHORT TRIP!
A SHORT TRIP? IT'S BEEN SIX WHOLE DAYS SINCE WE LEFT P.U. 1000 SIX DAYS DURING WHICH I HAVEN'T WORKED FOR A SINGLE SECOND!
SIX DAYS IS VERY SHORT WHEN IT'S SIX DAYS OF LOVE!
WELL NOW YOU CAN DEDICATE YOURSELF TO YOUR MASTERPIECE, BROWNINGWELL. AS FOR ME, I KNOW I'M GOING TO HAVE AN INCREDIBLE TIME ON GYN-GYN.
DON'T YOU HAVE ANY BAGGAGE?
I THINK I DO BUT IT'S TOO SMALL TO BE VISIBLE YET
OH WELL, WELL FOR A WHILE I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T EVEN GOING TO ASK
HEY! WAIT! YOU DON'T EXPECT TO STAY HERE FOREVER, DO YOU? WHEN DO YOU WANT ME TO COME BACK TO GET YOU?
LET'S SEE... IN ABOUT THREE HUNDRED DAYS. IF YOU'VE FINISHED WITH YOUR MASTERPIECE BY THEN!


SO, YOU PLAN TO SPEND 300 DAYS HERE ON GYN-GYN! THREE HUNDRED DAYS IS A LONG TIME!.. BUT YOU'RE RIGHT--IT TAKES TIME TO MAKE SOMETHING GOOD!
THREE HUNDRED DAYS ALONE ON THAT WEIRD PLANET...JUST THE KIND OF IDEA A WOMAN WOULD HAVE
THREE HUNDRED DAYS.
FORGIVE ME, LORD BUT IT'S PART OF NATURE'S GREAT DESIGN
NOW, LET'S GET DOWN TO IT! ACCORDING TO MY FRIEND, THE CHEMIST GYN-GYN, THE FERTILITY PLANET, DEMANDS THAT YOU RESPECT ITS PLAN BETTER GET GOING.
REALLY, I THINK. I HOPE THAT IT REALLY HAS ALREADY STARTED. I MEAN, THIS JOB, THIS MASTERPIECE. THAT IT'S THAT AND NOT SOMETHING ELSE
THIS IS AWFUL, I'M HUNGRY AGAIN. I WANT I WANT AN
I WANT TO EAT AN EGG!


THE ONLY THING I'M MISSING IS A MIRROR WITH WHICH TO [redacted] MYSELF. TO [redacted] IF I CAN SEE
NOT BAD NOT BAD
I'VE FORGOTTEN TO COUNT THE DAYS, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER THE PLANET WILL WORK OUT THE WHOLE THING FOR ME'
IT SEEMS THAT HERE ON GYM-GYM THE TIME DOESN'T MATTER AND A MINUTE ONLY TAKES A SECOND
AND THE DAYS FLOW WITH THE RHYTHM OF THE HOURS.
GOOD! THE NIGHTMARE WASN'T A NIGHTMARE. I MUST BE NICE AND WARM IN THERE'
THANK YOU MISTER DARWIN THESE MODERN ANIMALS ARE SO MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE AND BETTER LOOKING THE FARE ISN'T POSTED ANYWHERE. BUT THE PRICE SEEMS RIGHT
AIEEE! COULD THESE BE MY FIRST LABOR PAINS? LUNA, GODDESS OF CHILDBIRTH, ANSWER ME!
281ST DAY
HEY, GO AHEAD AND TELL ME IF THIS IS NORMAL I CARE YOU!


285TH DAY
286
287
288
289TH DAY
EEEEEEEEEE!
290TH NIGHT

O.K., HARRY, OPEN 'ER UP!
SURE, SURE!
A YOUNG BLOND GIRL...A LITTLE STRANGE... I LEFT HER HERE, LET'S SEE, A LITTLE LESS THAN 300 DAYS AGO.
AND WHAT, MAY I ASK...
...IS THAT?
TO BE CONTINUED...

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